

Twenty-Second Year—Nov. 7, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC



Senator-Elect Phelan's Great Victory
Surprises in County Results

Johnson as Presidential Candidate

Tribute to a Dead Soldier

Significance of Eastern Elections

Browsings: Minnesota Indian Massacre
Recalled

Charles Rann Kennedy Evinces Dramatic
Violence

By the Way--Theaters--Music--Society--Gotham
Gossip-Financial-Reviews of New Books-
News of the Week



RALPH FULLER

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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, NOVEMBER 7, 1914

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: ASSOCIATE



SENATOR-ELECT PHELAN'S VICTORY

CONGRATULATIONS to the people of California on the good sense they have displayed in their choice of a United States senator to succeed Mr. Perkins. At this writing (Thursday morning), the returns so far tabulated indicate the triumph of Hon. James D. Phelan at the polls and the consequent relegation of "Sly Joey" Knowland to that political obscurity his stand-pat propensities and contemptible reflections on President Wilson so deservedly immure him. With a nice discrimination that is highly gratifying to those of us who warmly advocated the selection of Phelan, the electorate repudiated Knowland, avoided the error of dissipating itself on Heney and gave its majority vote to Phelan whom it justly regarded as a true progressive, politically, as well as a cultured citizen of California. It is a decision that should cause all admirers of the national administration to rejoice. Besides, it is good business sagacity to send to Washington one who is persona grata at the White House and in accord with the dominant party in congress.

Alone of the Los Angeles publications The Graphic urged Mr. Phelan's election, with all the force of its convictions, and the handsome vote given to him in this city and county we may pardonably attribute, in part, to the arguments presented in these columns for many weeks prior to the primary and since. For not only did they have effect in our legitimate field of circulation, but many of our exchanges, favorable to Mr. Phelan's candidacy reprinted from these columns the reasons we advanced why he should be preferred and in that way widened our sphere of influence. While admiring Mr. Heney, personally, we pointed out his temperamental unfitness for the position he sought and urged that a vote for him was practically half a vote for Knowland, since the Alameda standpatter was the man Phelan had to contend with.

This viewpoint was decided by the esteemed Riverside Press which so late as last Saturday informed its readers there was "no possibility of the election of James D. Phelan to the United States senate this year," and that the President and Secretary Lane were only "firing in the air" in "boosting" Phelan. Its scornful, yet amusing, editorial admonition closed in this wise: "The big thing to do, the wise thing to do would be to help Heney win. But party 'regularity' forbids. The unwise thing to do is to help Phelan because

every vote for Phelan hurts Heney and aids Knowland. 'O, party regularity, what things are done in thy name.'"

Perhaps, it is unkind to remind our Riverside exchange of its error, but not all of us saw the situation as the Press viewed it and consistently argued that a vote for Heney was the unwise thing to do. However, our contemporary has the satisfaction of seeing a tremendous majority pile up for its candidate for governor, so it can afford to smile even through its chagrin. California has shown excellent judgment in declaring for Mr. Phelan as his official presence at Washington will presently demonstrate. The people can be trusted to do what is for the best when they are in possession of all the facts and in this instance they proved the rule. Although at this (Thursday) writing Phelan is reported to be twelve thousand votes ahead in the count, the Los Angeles Times, with characteristic ostrich-like propensity has Knowland's name appended to the list of senators-elect. To quote its tearful plaint over the result in California, "God, it is pitiful!"

JOHNSON THE PROGRESSIVES' HOPE

REVIEWING the political situation three days prior to the election we stated that if Fredericks were elected it would be in spite of his "incumbrances." Alas, they proved too much even for so good a candidate as he and he went to defeat weighted down by the handicap of the Otis support, which insured a handsome majority vote for Governor Johnson in this city and county. The story is the same elsewhere in the state and at this writing it is only a question of majorities for the incumbent. The people were loth to turn out an administration that had accomplished much good, to make room for another that had behind it several elements menacing to the welfare of the state. We believed Fredericks was strong enough to overcome these sinister influences, hence our indorsement, but the electorate at large thought it wiser to take no chances. Johnson has reason to be proud of the handsome vote he has polled, which he may attribute to his excellent commissions, the workmen's compensation measure, and several other notably good laws passed by the last legislature, rather than to his personal popularity. He has done many things that are inexcusable, but in the main the results of his stewardship have been advantageous to the people.

What of Johnson's ambition? That he is inclined to reach out for higher honors is well understood. It was rumored when Eshleman accepted the nomination for lieutenant-governor that in the event of Johnson's election the latter would resign in 1916 to accept the nomination for President, at the hands of the Progressives. Logically, he is the standard bearer of that party, but the dwindling strength of the Progressives in the middle west and eastern states gives rise to the belief that by 1916 there will be so shrunk a remnant left that the third party will be almost a cadaver. In that case, Governor Johnson may decide that a good berth at Sacramento is better than a roaming commission nationally, with no hope of reaching a destination. That Theodore Roosevelt is a waning star is indicated by the neglect paid to his admonitions in Pennsylvania, where Senator Penrose is re-elected by a big majority. Also in New York, where Whitman's candidacy, denounced by Roosevelt, is triumphant. Alone, of the Progressive candidates, Johnson is

successful, which places him in the limelight as the hope of the Progressives in 1916.

So far as the remainder of the state ticket is concerned the Progressives appear to have been successful in a majority of instances. They lost the secretary of state, which Frank C. Jordan's personal popularity held for the incumbent, and two places on the state board of equalization, in the first and fourth districts, where the Republican candidates seem to have the lead. The surveyor-generalship goes to Kingsbury, is now assured. The California electorate has shown by its vote that the alleged party affiliation cuts little ice in the polling booth. The enormous Republican registration, on which the party leaders set such store, proved to be a broken reed. Fredericks received only a fraction of the total, while Johnson was given the major portion, just as his shrewd advisors strenuously declared from the outset would be the result. Captain Fredericks made a manly contest and has no reason to feel discredited, personally. Of course, he was traveling under a heavy handicap, but that was inevitable as a Republican candidate indorsed by the standpat press. The independents tried to minify that banal influence, but the incubus was too great. Again, the scalp of a Southern California gubernatorial candidate is pinned to the tepee of a northern chief.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY SURPRISES

TUESDAY'S election revealed several surprises to the knowing fraternity, the chief of which was the rejection of Ford for district attorney and the selection of Woolwine by a much larger majority than many of his most sanguine supporters had deemed possible. Just why the wiseacre politicians should have decided that Ford was the winning card to play is not apparent. To The Graphic the primary vote clearly indicated the result which Tuesday's returns confirmed. Evidently, the Ford followers placed too much reliance on the Examiner's personal attacks on Woolwine, believing that the public would desert his standard in shoals. Strange to say, the abuse so concentrated aided rather than detracted from the Woolwine campaign, the people, seemingly, taking little stock in the tirades. It is rather a reflection on the Hearst influence, but hardly surprising in view of past performances. Mr. Woolwine, doubtless, has been overhasty at times and has allowed his fiery southern temper to get uppermost, but we feel sure the district attorney-elect has grown wiser with the years and will give excellent account of himself in his responsible office.

Second jolt of importance to the "dopesters" was the defeat of Sheriff Hammel by Cline. It must be said that Cline had enlisted in his behalf a multitude of good citizens whose influence was far-reaching and vote-getting. It was not that "Billy" Hammel had given a poor administration, for the reverse is true, but having served through three terms a change in office was thought beneficial to the county. Besides, the sheriff enjoys a large private income, hence is in nowise dependent upon his official salary for support. He retires with the goodwill of a host of friends and the consciousness of having proved himself a faithful servant of the people. Nevertheless, his defeat by Cline is in the nature of a surprise.

Perhaps, the return of Representative Stephens to congress may be regarded as a surprise to Cap-

tain Osborne's adherents in view of the preponderating Republican registration, but, as we pointed out several times, there was nothing to gain by a swap at this time. Stephens has proved a conscientious, alert representative, he is popular with all factions at the national capital, consequently, is in better position to serve his constituency than a new member, representing another minority party. Evidently, the electorate of the tenth district took this common sense view of the situation and voted accordingly. It is a wise decision and is in nowise to be regarded by the estimable Captain Osborne as a reflection on his many admirable qualities of heart and mind.

Over in the ninth district the three-cornered fight between Messrs. Roberts, Randall and Bell developed a close vote, with the result pointing to the defeat of the incumbent, Charles W. Bell, by Randall. Although the big vote polled by the governor in the ninth congressional district materially aided Bell, his vote on the free tolls subsidy, doubtless, lost him many friends since it reflected anything but progressivism. Randall's democracy was under suspicion, due to his several chameleon-like political flops, or he would have polled a much larger vote. As it was many Democrats repudiated him.

It can hardly be said that the defeat of Gavin W. Craig was a surprise, save, perhaps, to himself. His methods of gaining publicity were so repugnant to the majority that as they became better known his chances of success visibly diminished. Then, too, the friends of Judge Conrey, realizing the judicial blunder likely to be perpetrated, as revealed by the primary vote, girded their loins for the fray and by a united effort aroused the lethargic public to a proper sense of duty. Among all the judicial offices to be filled that of presiding judge of the second appellate district court was the one in most peril, hence it is gratifying to the supporters of Judge Conrey to find his candidacy approved by the majority.

ADMONISHING THE DEMOCRATS

BACK swings the political pendulum and the Republican party, taking a fresh grip on itself, has succeeded in reducing the Democratic majority in the house to within a score of votes. It is small, but it will suffice. In the upper chamber the strength of the dominant party is slightly increased rather than reduced, with accessions from California and South Dakota. New York has elected Whitman and reduced the Democratic delegation in congress by eight seats. Illinois also loses several Democratic representatives, especially one to "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the rather disreputable old standpatter, who earned the sobriquet of "Foul-mouth Joe" in one of his earlier terms in congress. It is a nice question whether he or James Mann, the minority leader, who is re-elected, will perform that duty in the next congress.

Let not our Republican friends imagine that this partial political reversal spells the downfall of the Democratic administration. It may be taken as a caution to the majority party to desist from extravagances, for fear of future results, but to affirm that Tuesday's election points the way to repudiation of tariff reform measures is unthinkable. In the first place, the tariff has not yet had a fair test; in the second, it is merely the dissolution of the third party that accounts for the Republican gains; the tariff was in no sense an issue in this campaign. If it were, why is Phelan chosen in California, where the standpatters have been yelling themselves hoarse over the "great wrongs" inflicted on our local industries?—which is, of course, pure buncombe. Mr. Phelan made his campaign on a Wilson platform and has won.

This setback for the Democratic party is, in fact, good discipline. It is in the nature of an

admonition to go slow with appropriations, the party's greatest weakness. We can now see the wisdom of Mr. Wilson in keeping his following in congress everlastingly at it to enact that legislation to which the party was pledged. With a small working majority what has been accomplished would have been impossible. What is done is due to the unrelenting demands of the President and to him be all praise. The people have every confidence in him, personally, and when he is again before them they will demonstrate their regard by giving him at least a million more votes than he polled in 1912.

JUDICIARY AND AMENDMENTS

QUITE as expected, the count on the ballot for presiding judge of the state supreme court reveals a gruelling contest between Judges Angellotti and Conley for supremacy. The two aspirants for the honor are running a neck-and-neck race all over the state and it may require the official count to decide which is winner. As we go to press Judge Angellotti is a few thousand votes ahead, but one-third of the precincts are yet to be heard from, so that the showing is by no means conclusive. For associate justice Judge Lawlor leads, with Justice Lucien Shaw probably chosen to succeed himself, his big vote in Southern California insuring his election.

In Los Angeles county all of the incumbent members of the superior court were re-elected, save Judge Morrison, one of the governor's appointees, who is the only sitting jurist to suffer defeat, former Judge Sidney N. Reeve having supplanted him. With the count still incomplete, the successful aspirants are apparently Judges Wilbur, Monroe, Myers, Shenk, Reeve, Willis, Jackson, Hewitt, Works and Taft. Chambers may edge out Works; the vote is close between them. In the main it is a good list and, together, with Judge Conrey's successful campaign, the people have cause to felicitate themselves over the result of the election, so far as the judiciary is concerned. But the unseemly scramble for office, which the present system of choosing our judiciary entails, should spur the next legislature to the introduction of reform methods which will render impossible another such exhibition as 1914 has afforded.

It is the expected that has happened in regard to several of the more important amendments proposed. Prohibition is defeated by a two-to-one vote, due entirely to the too drastic nature of the demands. If the wine-grape industry had not been placed in jeopardy the result might have been far different. The eight-hour law is similarly dealt a solar-plexus blow; the redlight abatement act has carried despite the heavy vote cast in San Francisco against it. The anti-prizefight measure also has been indorsed, but the poll tax appears to have been wiped out, only to reappear in another form for the thrifty folk to shoulder. It is unwise legislation. Home rule in taxation is defeated, a triumph for the Miller and Lux monopolists and their ilk; the drugless practice amendment is rejected, a sensible procedure, but the non-sale of game act is probably beaten. All the bonding propositions seem to have been frowned upon, although the state university bonds may pull through. The count on the remainder of the amendments and other proposals is not far enough advanced at this writing to indicate probable results.

BIGNESS IS NOT GREATNESS

FORMER Ambassador James Bryce, accredited from Great Britain, has done a real service to humanity in presenting through the Macmillan Company his brochure "Neutral Nations and the War." In it the amazing doctrines of von Bernhardt and of his teacher, von Treitschke, are considered, which, to many, appear to be an outburst of militarism run mad, the product of brains in-

toxicated by the love of war and by overwhelming national vanity. What are these doctrines? Mr. Bryce refuses to attribute them to the learned class in Germany, nor yet to the bulk of the civil administration, a body whose capacity and uprightness are known to all the world; and least of all to the German people generally. In fact, General von Bernhardt, as we have heretofore noted in these columns, complains of and deplores the pacific tendencies of his fellow-countrymen.

Professor Bryce refers to the earnest efforts made by the English friends of peace to maintain good feeling, which the conduct of the German imperial government set at naught by violating the neutrality of Belgium. Into the causes which frustrated these good offices he does not enter, because they have been so often recited by others. Of one thing he is confident, however: It was neither commercial rivalry nor jealousy of German power that brought Britain into the field; there was no hatred in the British people for the German people, nor any wish to break her power. Both peoples were of kindred race, and linked by many ties. Mr. Bryce admits that a war element existed in each of the countries, and among such were writers who diligently sought to misrepresent the general national sentiment, but it was a small minority in both countries. Returning to the doctrines set forth by General von Bernhardt and apparently accepted by the military caste to which he belongs, Mr. Bryce quotes the cavalry officer freely, the purport of which is that war in itself is a good thing, the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power; that efforts for peace would, if they attained their goal, lead to general degeneration; huge armaments are in themselves desirable; the state's highest moral duty is to increase its power and is justified in making conquests whenever its own advantage seems to require additional territory. The state is the sole judge of the morality of its own action; it is, in fact, above morality. Recognized rights (i. e., treaty rights) are never absolute rights; the state is a law unto itself.

All this and much more to the same effect, the most startling of which is the denial that there are any duties owed by the state to humanity, except that of imposing its own superior civilization upon as large a part of humanity as possible, and the denial of the duty of observing treaties. Treaties are only so much paper. Always, the trend of the Treitschke-Bernhardt writings is that justice is nothing more than the advantage of the stronger—i. e., Might is Right, as contrasted with Plato's teaching, as set forth in his Republic, that the end for which a state exists is justice. If Bernhardt's doctrine is correct, then what is a crime in persons acting as individuals is high policy for those persons when united as a state. Common humanity becomes a myth. No duties are owed to it; that "decent respect to the opinion of mankind" which the framers of the Declaration of Independence recognized is in no sense regarded by the Strong Power. Of course, with treaty obligations worthless, the smaller and weaker states, which have hitherto lived in comparative security, under the new imperialism will be absolutely at the mercy of the stronger, whose interests are paramount. The interests, the sentiments, the patriotism and love of independence of the small people go for nothing. Civilization, in effect, has turned back upon itself, remarks Mr. Bryce; culture is to expand itself by barbaric force. Governments derive their authority, not from the consent of the governed, but from the weapons of the conqueror.

Well may small states, which prize their liberty, regard such doctrines with alarm. Under the safeguard of treaties they have thriven; what is now to become of them? They have been, as Mr. Bryce points out, perhaps, the most potent

and useful factors in the advance of civilization. What is most precious in religion, in philosophy, in science, in literature and in art came from them. The Greeks were a small people, but they gave us the richest, the most varied and the most stimulating of all literatures. When poetry and art reappeared, after the long night of the Dark Ages, their most splendid blossoms flowered in the small republics of Italy. What does liberty not owe to little Switzerland? And what to free Holland, with her great men of learning and her painters surpassing those of all other countries save Italy? So the small Scandinavian nations have given to the world famous men of science like Linnaeus, poets like Tegner and Bjornson, dauntless explorers like Nansen. England, remarks Professor Bryce, had, in the age of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton, a population little larger than that of Bulgaria today. The United States, in the days of Washington, and Franklin, and Jefferson, and Hamilton, and Marshall, counted fewer inhabitants than Denmark or Greece.

According to General Bernhardt's school that "culture"—literary, scientific, and artistic—flourishes best in great military states. Yet history reveals that the decay of art and literature in the Roman world began just when Rome's military power had made that world one great and ordered state. The great states are stronger and more populous, but their peoples are not necessarily more gifted. History, moreover, declares that no nation, however great, is entitled to try to impose its type of civilization on others. No race, not even the Teutonic or the Anglo-Saxon is entitled to claim the leadership of humanity. It is sublime in General Bernhardt to be convinced of the superiority of the Teutons of North Germany, but will posterity accept his dictum? Mr. Bryce aptly remarks that it is only vulgar minds that mistake bigness for greatness, for greatness is of the soul, not of the body. It is not population, not territory, not wealth, not military power that will satisfy history but, What examples of lofty character and unselfish devotion to honor and duty have a people given? The small people need not fear the application of such tests. Many of us believe with Viscount Bryce, with Arnold Bennett, and other thoughtful writers that the German people, in the mass, are not in accord with the principles taught by the school of Treitschke and Bernhardt. It is only when an attempt is made to justify vicious deeds, such as the violation of treaties, as incidental to a campaign for civilization and culture, that it becomes necessary to point out how untrue and how pernicious such principles are. If treaties are mere paper, not to be observed, then is mankind to be hurled back to that reign of violence and terror from which it has been slowly rising for the last ten centuries is the inevitable conclusion. "The faith of treaties," declares Mr. Bryce, "is the only solid foundation on which a Temple of Peace can rest."

TO A DEAD SOLDIER

GALLANTRY and meritorious service marked the military career of Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, retired, who succumbed last Sunday, at his home in Los Angeles, to typhoid complications, after a comparatively brief illness. The country has reason to pay respectful tribute to as fine a soldier as ever wielded a sword in its behalf and in helping to voice these sentiments we find it no task to assist in laying a laurel wreath on the dead officer's grave. From the humblest position in the ranks he rose to the highest post in the United States army, with no political jobbery enlisted to advance his interests. In the Civil War, on the frontier, in the Spanish-American war and in the Boxer uprising in China, the military service of General Chaffee was notable for the distinguishing features of

leadership displayed by the brave officer under the most trying conditions. He was ever an inspiration to his men and although a strict disciplinarian he held their unbounded respect and esteem.

From July 1861 to the year of his retirement in February 1906, General Chaffee's military career reflects the services of an honest, earnest soldier who was at once an honor and an ornament to the United States army. Through the trying days of the Civil War, in the rasping times of frontier service of more than thirty years' duration, the campaigns in which he was engaged found him ever loyally doing his duty, forgetful of self, intent on the business in hand, careful of his men, having an acute realization of the responsibilities thrust upon him and striving conscientiously to live up to his ideals, which were high. Whether it was as chief of staff at Cuba or as commander of the China Relief Expedition, he was no more thorough than when as captain of his troop on the plains he planned the discomfiture of the enemy, leaving nothing to chance. Thoroughness, in fact, was his predominant trait and no better example to his subordinates can be displayed by an officer than this admirable characteristic.

Simplicity and straightforwardness were added to his many fine soldierly qualities. We of Los Angeles who mourn the loss of a good citizen as well as a personal friend will not soon forget the sturdy, martial figure of the grizzled veteran whose place of honor at public receptions and banquets was his by natural right. In honoring him the city honored itself and in its service for several years General Chaffee lent those attributes to civil pursuits that had proved so effective in his professional career. His associates in civic life pay deserved tribute to his genius for organization, his unselfish performance of duty, his high sense of justice. To his noble wife, left a widow after nearly forty years of happy married life, The Graphic desires to say that Los Angeles is proud to have been selected as the abiding place of the retired soldier in the closing years of his life and we shall hope that this city may continue to be honored by her presence. All that is mortal of her distinguished husband will be interred in Arlington cemetery, that valhalla of the military heroes of the nation, whither the body is escorted with military honors, and accompanied by the bereaved family. Surely, this veteran of a hundred battles, has well-earned the long rest he has found. In the beautiful language of George Henry Boker:

Fold him in his country's stars
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low.
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

EXCLUSIVE EDUCATIONAL COLLEGES

STUDY of the official enrollment in all of the coeducational colleges of California, except Stanford and Santa Clara, reveals interesting statistics. So far as Stanford is concerned it is generally understood that the attendance of girls is limited to five hundred, with the youths in excess of one thousand. It is a little surprising to find at the University of California so many more girls than boys (2147 to 1792) while the increase in students over last year's registration is only twenty. Of course, these figures apply only to the College of Liberal Arts. What is particularly interesting is the comparison between Pomona College and Occidental and we give it in detail because it is in line with natural transition, due to the more masculine course of study introduced of late at Occidental.

Last year, for example, Pomona had 274 girls and 207 boys. This year the roster shows 289 girls and 211 boys. Occidental, last year, had

173 boys and 120 girls, as against 191 boys and 116 girls entered this semester. It is in the freshman classes of Pomona and Occidental, however, that the comparisons are more acute. Thus, of the 198 freshmen last year at Pomona 96 were girls and 82 boys. This year the total is 179, but there are only 69 boys to 110 girls, a drop of 13 in the one case and a gain of 14 in the other. At Occidental last year the freshman class totaled 114, with 45 girls and 69 boys. This year, the class is 122 strong, a gain of eight, but the girls have dropped to 38 and the boys increased to 84. Whether this condition is the result of the agitation that was under way two years ago when Occidental attempted to change from a coeducational institution to an exclusively men's college, is not clear, but, doubtless, it has had the effect of discouraging the girls and encouraging the parents of boys who prefer the segregation of the sexes in educational institutions. Of course, the true reason for the transforming process at Occidental is to be found in the changed curriculum which offers greater inducements to young men than to young women.

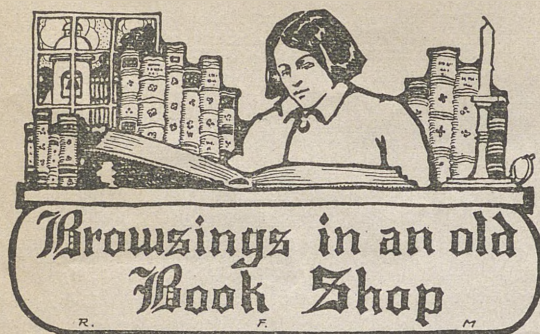
Perhaps, this, after all, is the answer to the problem which Occidental faced and flinched from solving by official mandate. It will become a men's college by natural selection if the present curriculum is maintained or even rendered still more masculine in its appeal. Herein is Pomona's opportunity to attract what Occidental rejects. We believe there is room in Southern California for an exclusively girls' college and although Professor Blaisdell may demur and resent the suggestion, there is a great future ahead for the college in this part of the state that shapes a course especially for young women. Many parents in the east will avail themselves with avidity of the chance to place their daughters in such a college and, per contra, the exclusive boys' college will be sought with similar enthusiasm. There are co-educational colleges a-plenty, which means keen rivalry for students. The exclusive boys' or exclusive girls' college will have a clear field for its energies and it should redound to the educational advantages of the students as well as to the financial profit of the institution.

GRAPHITES

An Englishman's house is his castle, is simply a popular way of expressing the fact, that the predominant trait of the English, in public affairs, as well as private, is individualism. Collectivism is the natural tendency in Germany. Especially in civic affairs, the government, that is the collective action of the whole body of citizens, by their properly elected or appointed officials, is absolutely supreme, as against the property rights or desires of any individual. This one fact explains the absence of anything like the east side of London slums in any German city. The superiority for the common good of the German system is beyond question.

Prussians are really more Slavonic than German. At the time of the great German migrations into Italy, Germany, France, and England, Slavonic tribes occupied, besides Bohemia and Moravia, north Germany as far as the River Elbe, that is, nearly all of modern Prussia. Charlemagne and his successors conquered the western part of this country. But there was no return of German people, merely a subjection by bodies of armed men. The Teutonic Knights, a branch of the great crusading order, "The Knights of the Hospital," conquered and converted the wild tribes in middle and eastern Prussia. Many of the present nobility are probably descended from these German conquerors, but these Slavonic tribes were unquestionably the ancestors of the mass of the Prussian people. Even the name of the country is Slavonic, not German.

To the extent that Germany is more civilized than Russia, the belief of the Kaiser that he is divinely appointed to rule is more an anachronism than is the same belief of the Czar.



INDIAN lore and Indian history, insofar as the latter pertains to the frontier settlements, have powerfully attracted me from a small boy. Not the Indian lore of Fenimore Cooper, but of Catlin, of Parkman, of Col. Dodge, of Captain Bourke, McLaughlin—men who lived with or among the Indians, who studied them carefully and wrote of them from first-hand knowledge. In my library are many books on and about the Indians of the northwest and the southwest. As a staff writer, in my earlier newspaper career, I came in close contact with the Sioux, the Cheyenne and the Crow Indians, so that I was able to test by personal observation the habits and traits of character of which the authorities I had read had treated. Naturally, then, a book bearing the title "Minnesota Indian Massacre," which I came across in the Old Book Shop this week, caused me to reach up to the shelf, extract it and bear it off as legitimate plunder.

Charles S. Bryant of St. Peter, Minnesota, is the author of this history of the bloody drama of August, 1862, of which the Minnesota border counties were the scenes, Chief Little Crow of the Sioux tribe, the leader, and many white settlers, men, women, and children the victims. Non-fulfillment of treaty obligations was the cause of the uprising. The Indians sold their lands for a definite sum of money, which was to be paid at the rate of \$50,000 a year. The government was derelict and the Indians lost faith; whether or not the alleged grievances were justified is in dispute. This much is clear: that in allowing the perpetrators of the Inkapaduta massacre of 1857 to go unwhipped of justice the federal authorities committed a great blunder. The Indians construed it as an evidence of weakness, or that the whites were afraid to pursue the matter further, lest it might terminate in still more disastrous results to the infant settlements of the state bordering upon the Indian country. In consequence, the Sioux became more impudent and Little Crow and his adherents naturally reasoned that if one outlawed Indian, Inkapaduta, with eleven of his followers, could massacre whole white settlements, and create a panic that drove thousands from their homes, and escape unpunished, how much greater success could be attained by a concerted movement of the Sioux nation, numbering its warriors by thousands. That this was the line of argument taken by Little Crow in beginning his agitation for an uprising is well established; he planned to drive the whites from the entire state of Minnesota and his reasoning was justified by the success attending the Inkapaduta massacre and the non-punishment by the government of those responsible.

Little Crow chose his time to strike advisedly. The whole effective force for the defense of the entire frontier from Pembina in North Dakota, to the Iowa line did not exceed two hundred men. Only thirty soldiers were stationed at Fort Ridgely, about the same number at Fort Ripley, while one company of infantry was at Fort Abercrombie. The whites were weak; they were engaged in a terrible war among themselves—the fearful struggle in the south. Little Crow, although an agency Indian, was a "blanket" Indian, i. e., a pagan who rebelled at civilizing influences. He was fertile in expedients and strategy; astute, cunning, treacherous. He called a council of the insurgents, harangued them cleverly, pointed out the great opportunity to wreak revenge upon the whites and with all the eloquence of an accredited orator, gained the consent of his followers to the bloody conspiracy that he had matured in his mind.

Acton, thirty-five miles northeast of the Lower Sioux agency, in Meeker county, was the scene of the outbreak, August 17, 1862. Here four murders were committed, the small band of Indians, evidently, acting prematurely, and without fixed purpose. At any rate they rode away, not finishing what they had begun. Next day followed the attack on the lower agency in which a score or more of government employes were killed and as many women and children taken captives, while forty-one persons escaped to Fort Ridgely,

about fifteen miles distant from the agency. From that time the Indians roamed the Minnesota border counties, killing every settler they could find and wounding many others, who managed to escape. The region of country devastated was as large as the state of Vermont, but sparsely settled. Fearful indignities were offered the women carried into captivity whose husbands, fathers and brothers, were killed before their eyes. For an entire week, the midnight skies were red from the burning homes, lit by the torches of the savages and the once-smiling country laid in waste. Many a ghastly story is told in the personal narratives of the survivors, especially the women, but I have no desire to harrow the feelings of my readers by recounting their experiences. I can only say that the custom of the Indians was to treat all captured women as community property, the poor victim finally falling to the one who first discovered her; she then went to live in his tepee, the slave of the squaws, but always at the command of her captor. It was a frightful fate. Nearly three hundred white women and little children were recovered from the Indians by General Sibley's expedition and returned to their relatives—or what were left alive.

Of the Indians captured by the expeditionary force three hundred and three were found guilty by a military court and recommended for capital punishment. But the idea of executing, capitally, that many Indians, murderers though they were, aroused the sympathy of those who were far removed from the scenes of butcheries. The petitions of peace commissions and christian communities, in nowise stirred by the inhumanities of the redskins, were finally successful with the President and in place of three hundred and three only forty were ordered by Mr. Lincoln to be executed. One died and the sentence of another was commuted to the penitentiary, leaving only thirty-eight to be hanged. Sentence was carried out Friday, December 27, 1862, the staging accommodating the entire number. The cutting of the rope which caused the drop was assigned to William J. Duly of Lake Shatek, who had three children killed, and his wife and two children captured. At the time of the execution they were still in the camp of Little Crow on the Missouri; at a later date they were ransomed by Major Galpin at Fort Pierre.

What of Little Crow, the instigator of all the devilry? He eluded the soldiers but not his fate. July 3, 1863, up in Northern Dakota, with Gen. Sibley close on his trail, Little Crow and his son Wowinapa, a lad of sixteen, were in the woods near the Missouri coteau, picking berries, when they were discovered by two settlers who opened fire on them and the elder Indian was killed at the first shot; the boy was unharmed. He finally escaped to Devil's Lake and was taken to Sibley's camp by Captain Burt.

It is interesting to me as a former resident of Sioux Falls, in Dakota territory—long before the Dakotas were divided—to note in this history reference to the killing of Joseph B. Amidon and his son August 25, 1862, the only victims, I believe, of the Minnesota massacre across the border line. Father and son were at work haying and when found the mutilated remains lay in the cornfield. The older man's body was riddled with bullets; the son was shot with both balls and arrows. About forty soldiers were stationed at Sioux Falls at the time and a dozen started out to get the murderers, but the camp was attacked by a party of Indians which demanded their recall. The Indians were finally driven off with small loss. Here is my personal interest in this affair: It was in the neighborhood of the camp twenty-three years after (in 1885) that I dug out an Indian skull from an Indian grave. The grim relic of my early Dakota days surmounts a bookcase in the sanctum of The Graphic, and has been regarded as a familiar for nearly thirty years. Doubtless, the original owner of the cranium formed one of the lower agency Sioux that fatal day in August fifty-two years ago when the Cut-noses and the Yanktonnais Sioux ran amuck.

S. T. C.

Alexandria was, for centuries, the Paris of the ancient world, its social and artistic center. It was the London, the biggest city, and the capital of an empire; the Liverpool and Hamburg, the great seaport; the Oxford, and Heidelberg, the university city, the home of science and learning. Remembering the youth of the world, and that all books were handwritten, not printed, it had the largest library there has ever been, also a fine museum, beautiful streets, magnificent buildings, public and private, and a climate almost equal to that of our own Southern California.



"Uncle Will" at Nashville

Will Woolwine has heard the news of nephew Tom's election and Nashville, Tennessee, where Uncle Will is now rustivating with his wife, visiting their married daughter, will reecho with the plaudits of family acclaim. I understand that the mayor of Nashville presented Mr. Woolwine with the keys of the city soon after his arrival, but I am given to understand that Nashville is "dry," so what the keys fit I cannot guess. If Nashville is "dry" in the sense of being total temperance, however, let it not be imagined that the city is at all sleepy-eyed. There has been a warm political campaign waged there of late and the editorial onslaughts on the "People's Ticket" have been fierce. Will Woolwine sends me a copy of the Nashville Tennessean of October 28, in which the owner, Senator Lea, lambastes his rival, E. B. Stahlman of the Evening Banner in this wise:

"This ticket was conceived and brought forth by a conference held in the office of Tom Tyne—an ardent anti-prohibitionist, and presided over by E. B. Stahlman, whom we have repeatedly exposed in all the nakedness of his dishonor, and left standing stripped of all but shame—Stahlman, a thief by nature, a grafter by training, a social profligate, a moral degenerate, a man having contempt for honor and a pride in dishonor. No voter, no convention, no committee, no delegate had any voice in the selection of this 'People's' ticket. It is the child of the brain of E. B. Stahlman. It is a part of his plan to control the city and state so that he may graft upon the public and grow richer and richer by defrauding and robbing. . . . We have characterized Stahlman's acts as being those of a man devoid of honor or principle and of a craven and coward who feels safe and secure in the protection that senility gives. The author of this editorial claims no protection of any kind in publishing this statement in regard to this conscienceless creature."

Even the general could hardly have done better in his more juvenile days of vulgar loquacity. Thus far, I have seen no casualties announced among the newspaper profession at Nashville.

Confusion of Names of Buildings

Modern cities are a wilderness of strange, meaningless names of buildings, not merely to the stranger, but often to those who have dwelt many years among them. This week a man who knows the city pretty well, had an appointment at a certain hour in an office in what was spoken of to him as the Central building. He went to the structure at the corner of Sixth and Main, and after a vain search discovered that the office for which he was looking was in the Broadway Central building. Arriving there he found that the man he was to meet had given him up, and left. This is, doubtless, not an isolated instance. For instance, can you, on the spur of the moment, give the respective locations of the three buildings generally known as the Title Abstract, Title Insurance and Title Guarantee? We have a Lankershim hotel at Seventh and Broadway, a Lankershim Block at Third and Spring, and yet many people, directed to the Lankershim building, naturally go to the San Fernando building at Fourth and Main, which, as is well known, was built by Col. Lankershim—and, after all, Lankershim is in the San Fernando valley. There are three Hellman buildings, and more than half the time when a person mentions one of them he only gives the patronymic. We have a Realty building and a Conservative Realty building. Most old-timers know the location of the Baker block, but will they know where to go when the people get tired of speaking of the Baker-Detwiler building, and just call it the Baker? The remedy is in the hands of the public. A man can give his building whatever name he likes, but the tenants do not have to use it. It is much shorter to say, or write, "No. 524, 497 South Spring," as "No. 524, Seventh National Bank Building," and there is no chance for an error. I have before me a list

of addresses of every important publishing house in the United States, and there are less than half a dozen which are given as "Such-and-Such building"—the others are all streets and numbers. It is time for us to outgrow this bucolic way of directing folk to offices "Over Jones' store," or "Around the corner from the blacksmith shop."

More Trouble Than It's Worth

In 1909 Austin Martin, now general manager of the Los Angeles Investment Co., had the management of one of the Inglewood improvement companies. A check for \$5 on the First National Bank was issued to a woman in Santa Barbara as a dividend payment. The affairs of the venture were closed up and it went out of existence. This week the check came in for payment, and a squad of clerks must go through the vaults, hunt out the old books, and find out to whom this check must be charged. It will really be more trouble than the \$5 is worth, but it must be done.

Earl Quarrels with Himself

E. T. Earl managed to pull through the election with only one quarrel with himself. At the last moment, however, he violently disagreed with himself over the race for assembly from the sixty-first district. Harry Wishard was the Progressive candidate from that district, and as publisher of the Tribune Mr. Earl believed he was entitled to be elected. In his Tuesday morning paper, therefore, he said so plainly, and placed Mr. Wishard on the honor roll of candidates endorsed by the Tribune. As publisher of the Express, however, Mr. Earl took exception to this action, and came out unequivocally as supporting Mrs. Estelle Lawton Lindsey, the socialist candidate, replacing Mr. Wishard's name with hers, in the otherwise unchanged roster. What Mr. Earl of the Tribune said to Mr. Earl of the Express concerning this action, only Mr. Earl, the owner of much real estate which pays the newspaper deficits, can say, and he is usually reticent. It is quite possible, however, that Mr. Earl of the Express may get the better of the controversy, and insist upon the resignation of Mr. Earl of the Tribune, which would result in the suspension of publication of that great journal. This calamity may all the gods forbid. Incidentally, the publisher of the Express and the Tribune is deserving of felicitations upon his well-fought battle for his ticket and I will not withhold mine.

"Sports" Sore at the Examiner

There are in Los Angeles this week several hundred "sports" who henceforth will take Examiner "dope" cum grano salis, if at all. Two weeks before the election there was no Ford money in sight. Persons wishing to wager upon the election of Woolwine were asked to give 10 to 7 odds, and even then there was little money offered. Then the Examiner unlimbered, the job of electing Ford having been turned over to that institution by the First and Broadway management. Personal attacks upon Woolwine were smeared over the sheet, and that journalistic joke, the straw vote, perpetrated. Only the Examiner can say whether the straw votes, as published, were honest, but there is no reason to believe that they differed from any other of their class. However, the Examiner, being the Bible of the "sports" encouraged the betting fraternity, or that section which is unable to differentiate between vituperation and argument. So they went down into their bank rolls, and Monday and Tuesday there were many bets placed on Ford's success, with disastrous results. Now the sports are declaring they were openly betrayed by the Examiner, which knew it was fighting a lost cause. Mr. Ford is to be commiserated for the way the Hearst sheet befouled his campaign. It is unlikely he could have been elected in any event, as a combination of support was enjoyed by Woolwine which was practically invincible. I hardly believe Ford was the instigator of the Hearst billingsgate. It reads like matter sent down in proof from First and Broadway, and it is significant that the discredited Times, realizing that its animus against Woolwine was too well known, turned this wretched job over to the Examiner, and Max Ihmsen fell for it. This is the first exhibition of this kind of personal politics in a long time, except in the Times, and it is surprising that the Examiner management should have been so foolish as to make the blunder. The history of the Times is an unbroken record of political defeats caused by similar attacks upon enemies. The Norton recall is a case in point, where a weak man was elected because of nothing else than the Times' opposition. The voters have expressed their opinion of Hearst and Otis again,

and it is strange that men of such business sagacity in other matters do not dissolve the unholy partnership for their mutual good.

Dean as a Campaign Manager

While Woolwine's majority was so large that it is impossible to place one's finger upon any single thing that accomplished the result, he himself pays tribute to the sagacity of his campaign manager, Harry Ellis Dean, who has been working almost without sleep for the last few weeks, perfecting a volunteer organization that, perhaps, has never been equaled in a one-man campaign. To provide workers for each of the hundreds of polls would require a large sum of money, and there was not much cash to be had from outside subscribers to any political fund this year; moreover, the candidate is limited to an almost insignificant sum between the primary and final election. So the problem of organizing with almost no expense was up to Dean. From the result it would seem that Woolwine might have won if he had simply pasted up a few three-sheets here and there about the county, but Dean certainly succeeded in polling his full strength. While Dean is known as having been active in political affairs from time to time, this is his first big coup, and next to being elected district attorney, it is good to have been the man behind.

Lou Guernsey's Faith Costly

Lou Guernsey, the political writer on the Times staff, is a young man of confident air and stentorian voice. He was holding forth in the Maison Tabac de Cohn Tuesday on the fact that Joe Ford had a cinch. It cost him just \$25, his booming notes being overheard by a passer-by who had that much faith in Woolwine. I understand that Lou was wrong in every one of his predictions except that the state would go wet.

Boxing Seems to be Doomed

Apparently, there is no means by which the boxing entertainments can be continued under the new law. Personally, I believe that the amendment carried because so few people know anything about the sport. They regard it simply as fighting, to which it bears only a superficial resemblance, as it is protected by rules which minimize the danger to the contestants. Football is not barred because of the danger to the players through the unfair tactics of opponents, a danger which is real as one member of my family happens to know from experience. However, public opinion, rightly or wrongly, is opposed to pugilism, so pugilism must go. My principal regret is for Tom McCarey, who has conducted the sport here on an irreproachable plane. I rather imagine he will not starve to death because the game is over, as his business has prospered for upward of two decades.

Good Work of Bordwell Committee

Not the least important factor in the gratifying election of Judge Conrey was the work done by the independent committee headed by Judge Walter Bordwell. This organization worked independently of the Conrey campaign committee, provided its own funds, and devoted itself to operations along its own potent lines. Judge Conrey was aware of its existence only by "information and belief," for its efforts were entirely unsolicited. When the arguments of such a body of men as this are contrasted with the hoodlum politics employed by Ona Morton in behalf of Craig, is it any wonder that Judge Conrey won? It is little short of scandalous that he should have been required to contest this office against the sort of campaign directed against him. But it grows increasingly difficult to fool the public at election time.

Miss Rodman's Unique Enterprise

Miss Elizabeth Rodman, sister of Willoughby Rodman, is the genius of a unique enterprise in commemoration of the completion of the Panama Canal. Miss Rodman, after obtaining the consent and cooperation of Col. George W. Goethals, went to New York and interested a firm of wholesale jewelers in the idea of striking off a limited number of gold medals in commemoration of the passage of the first ship through the canal from ocean to ocean. Herself an artist, Miss Rodman was so enthusiastic over the idea that she could not settle down upon one idea for the design, for, as she says, "There was in my mind an odd mixture of Balboa, American eagles, Neptune, canal construction, marriage of oceans and Columbia doing all sorts of things suggestive of a union of the Atlantic and Pacific." So she selected from various sketches by the jewelers' designers, one representing Columbia standing in the prow of a caravel, which makes

progress through the canal. On the prow is an eagle, and Columbia holds a scroll bearing the Latin inscription, "Oceani inter se a Columbia coniunguntur." One end of the scroll touches the Atlantic, the other the Pacific—the oceans being shown on two half globes. Rays of light emanating from the head of the figure symbolize Columbia enlightening the world. Above are the words, "Prosperity to All Nations." On the reverse side is an inscription, signed with a facsimile of Col. Goethals' signature, declaring these medals to have been carried on the first vessel through the canal. The medals may be seen at Leagans' jewelry store.

Fate of the Californian

I have just received further information as to the fate of the old Californian, over which I browsed recently. The magazine was published in San Francisco about twenty years ago, and it was my information that it ceased to be while Charles F. Holoder, now of Pasadena, was its editor. I find I was misinformed. Mr. Holoder disposed of it, and permitted the purchaser to attend the obsequies. The magazine was heavily in debt, but the creditors had so much confidence in Mr. Holoder's ability, that they asked him to stay with it, assured him they would never press him for payment, and declared their belief he could make it a big success. Only ill health prevented him from taking advantage of their generosity. Six months after he sold it, the Californian passed quietly away.

Louis Stellmann to Lecture

Louis Stellmann, well known in newspaper circles up and down the coast, though not of the local fraternity since nearly a decade ago, has taken to lecturing as a vocation, and has combined with it his sense of the news value of things, and his ability as a photographer. The Ebell Club has engaged Mr. Stellmann to tell about San Francisco Chinatown, which he will do about the middle of this month. He knows that picturesque section of the Bay City, probably, better than any other white man, and has a collection of photographs that it would be impossible for anyone not popular with these reticent folk to obtain. Mrs. Stellmann also is an artist, and she has colored the photographic slides, so that Louis has a real classic of the Chinese quarter.

Horses Still Have a Friend

These days, when the conversation where three or four men of means are gathered together, is of tires and carburetors, miles to the gallon, and similar things motoristic, it is good to find a man now and then who has a word for the horse. Col. W. J. Hogan of Pasadena sends me an article from a little magazine, "The Open Door," circulated among lovers of animals, which I wish I had the space to reproduce in full. It is entitled "The Fourfooted Heroes of the War," and draws attention to the terrible treatment of horses in warfare. They are the first necessity and the last thought of the army, commandeered from farms where they may have been anything from prize breeding stock, to pets of the children, unused to anything more than drawing a little cart, and forced to "plunge across rivers, up mountain paths, and through swamps, beaten on, urged forward till they can bear their burdens no longer, and are compelled to sink exhausted, their bodies to become the prey of carrion birds. . . . Bullets cannot be wasted even to end their misery." Colonel Hogan is a tireless friend of the horse, and it is largely to his interest in matters equine that the Tournament of Roses presents annually so fine a display of horsecflesh.

Times Tradition Maintained

Following a well established tradition on the Los Angeles Times, that city editors should marry their society editors, Ralph Waldo Trueblood, associate city editor of that daily, will be married Monday to Miss Elsie Smith, its attractive young society editor. Several years ago a similar romance came about, when City Editor John Von Blon wooed and won Miss Katherine Thompson, who then was the paper's society editor. Miss Smith was Mrs. Von Blon's successor, and now—well the spell is broken, for in sheer desperation, a man has been chosen to fill Miss Smith's place, and there is small chance that any of the fair sex will be elected to the city editor's chair. The marriage of Miss Smith and Mr. Trueblood will take place Monday evening at the home of the bride's brother, Bert C. Smith, 5300 Eleventh avenue. The service will be read by her brother-in-law, Rev. Harry W. White, pastor of Trinity church, Pomona.

Charles Rann Kennedy's Dramatic Violence By Randolph Bartlett

TIME was when Charles Rann Kennedy spoke in plain and beautiful language of the brotherhood of mankind. In fact, notwithstanding the crash and strife of "The Winterfeast," the gloom of "The Terrible Meek," and the sinister motive of "The Necessary Evil," the theme of "The Servant in the House" ran through them all. "Neither do I condemn thee," was ever on the tongue of his spokesman-character, and the language of the dramas as belittled such an altruistic vision, was kindly, and pleasing to the ear. This was one of the things that made Mr. Kennedy popular. His dramas were literature. It is, therefore, a great disappointment to open his newest published play, "The Idol-Breaker," and find Mr. Kennedy slapping one in the face with unnecessary vulgarities of speech and one does not recover from the surprise until he finds that this is not the kindly Kennedy of the earlier plays, but a man in a rage, slashing and smashing at everything which does not meet his personal ideas. We can forgive his iconoclasm, but it is impossible to overlook his vulgarities. There are certain words that are taboo among decent folk, and rightly so. They are real words, too, Anglo-Saxon direct from the original stock, and many of them are to be found in the Bible. That does not admit them into the nobility of language, and it is the duty of literature to maintain that nobility against encroachments.

Mr. Kennedy will have a good argument against this viewpoint. He will say that literature is for the purpose of expressing an idea, that his idea is violent and his spokesman vulgar, and, therefore, he cannot adequately express his idea without using the sort of talk he employs. Mr. Kennedy should he make such a plea, would not be doing himself justice, nor would he be making adequate reply. It reminds me of a farmer I once knew, who argued against soft, cooked food, and drinking at meals, by referring to his horses and cattle. "Look how strong a horse is, and a bull," he would say, "and they don't take a mouthful of oats and then go over to the trough and gulp down a swallow of water." When I, a schoolboy on a vacation, ventured to ask what a horse looked like at the age of forty or fifty I became highly unpopular, and was informed that had nothing to do with the case. Likewise, Mr. Kennedy, probably, will insist that forms have nothing to do with this case, and that the aim of his book is to startle certain people out of their lethargy, a task which he does not believe can be accomplished without a certain degree of vulgarity and violence. In other words, he becomes a literary bomb-thrower, a dramatic MacNamara, in the name of the Cause; and it is clear that the recoil from his explosions will do his cause more harm than good among thinking folk, for we have, in these latter days, come to be firm adherents of evolution as opposed to revolution, and do not hold with bomb-throwers of any persuasion whatsoever.

Moreover, in this drama Mr. Kennedy has willfully abandoned that clarity of style of his previous works and unduly indulged his propensity for symbolism to a point of obscurity. The play transpires in the blacksmith shop of Little Boswell, an English town, for while Mr. Kennedy is naturalized, he still finds the speech of the English toiler comes easier to him than that of the land of his adoption. Now, Little Boswell, I feel certain, for benighted ignorance, bigotry, and provincialism, could not be duplicated on this side of the Atlantic. I hesitate to make this unqualified statement, after having had personal knowledge of certain cities not a hundred miles from Los Angeles, and having heard of certain towns in Iowa—yet I feel the statement is correct. Then, too, I doubt if Mr. Kennedy himself can place his finger upon any spot on the map of Great Britain and say, "Here is Little Boswell." This is important, because this play sets about to destroy certain idols, and one is forced to confess that, if these idols exist anywhere, their worshippers are a small and negligible quantity. In other words, Mr. Kennedy lacks that fine sense of justice toward his adversary that is displayed, at times fatally, by such dramatists as Mr. Galsworthy. His arbitrary hypotheses are not convincing, and he seems to be setting up a straw man, to belabor with his sledge.

The blacksmith, Adam by name, has been drunk, and slept under a hedge all night. He comes "lumbering" into the forge, surly, and then crashes hammer on anvil, with the exclamation, "God! I'd like to break something." Now, that is human, that is real. He is not the first man

to feel that way after a night of Bacchus. But this is flippancy. Adam goes on. "It's the place, that's what it is. Places like this breed slaves. That's why we blather so much about our freedom." There follows Adam from the moor a woman, Naomi, partaking of the general appearance of a gypsy, clad in scarlet. She is not of Little Boswell—that is apparent. She tells Adam that she passed the night the other side of the hedge from him, watching him. Now a great deal of the point of Mr. Kennedy's play is that Adam is an outlaw from birth. He was an illegitimate child, and he delights in mouthing the vulgar term for his condition. It establishes him as different from, and antagonistic to Little Boswell, and provides a bond between him and this woman in scarlet who also is an outlaw.

Previous to Adam's drunken debauch of the preceding evening, he had taken occasion to fling himself in the teeth of assembled respectability as personified in Little Boswell's Grand High Jubilee of the Constituted Sons of Freedom. Says Adam:

"It's the biggest bean-feast Little Boswell ever dreamed of. God Almighty might come down from Heaven and start the Day of Judgment, and they wouldn't notice it, alongside their jubilee." (Will some of the blatant cities of the west please take note, and the 700,000 Boosters' Club paste that in their hats.) "They've been hullabalooing over it since the Tower of Babel. So I thought it was about time I come, and put a simple question to them; just one question. I asked: Where did (illegitimates) come in? Took me exactly forty-five minutes by their groggy old clock." Whereupon, the Constituted Sons of Freedom "chucked" him out, as he richly deserved. There is no evidence that Adam, had he behaved himself, would have been unwelcome in the gathering, nor is it a general condition that men of questionable parentage suffer any serious curtailments of their freedom, or rights in society by reason of that fact alone. All this is rather muddled, and Mr. Kennedy does not seem to have selected a particularly clean tool for the shattering of idols. Then comes the passage upon the interpretation of which the entire drama depends:

ADAM: What do you mean by freedom?

NAOMI: Don't ask me. My meaning changes with the stars.

ADAM: What do you mean now? Today?

NAOMI: What you mean.

ADAM: What do I mean?

NAOMI: Something wild like me.

ADAM: You! Are you—free?

NAOMI: Like the wind.

ADAM: Why, woman, you are what I've been looking for, all my life.

NAOMI: Well, I'm here. What are you going to do with me?

ADAM: What are you going to do with me?

NAOMI: I don't know. That's one of the things I can't see. Perhaps, destroy you.

ADAM: Woman!

NAOMI: Don't you come near me. There's danger in me, if you don't take me the right way. Queens can't be played with, same as common folk. Not my sort.

ADAM: Well, I'm ready. I'm not afraid.

NAOMI: You don't understand. This isn't talking.

ADAM: There's one thing I understand. It begun the moment you set foot inside this forge. Ay, and before that!—Last night, out yonder, under the stars. We belong, you and me! I see it plain, like dawn coming up out of the night: we belong!

NAOMI: Take care! You're not the first man I heard say a word like that.

ADAM: Well, I'm the last; and I'll stand by it.

NAOMI: Keep off!...

ADAM: Why, what would happen?...

NAOMI: There's something at the back of me you know nothing about. Oh, it's dead, it's done for, sure enough; and yet.... There's nothing living as can follow you so close as that.

ADAM: Name it for me, and I'll grapple with it.

NAOMI: I can't quite spell it out. There's fangs to it. And a baying along the twisted ways of the moors!...

ADAM: (Shakes himself free of her eyes.) What's dead and done for don't move me. No, nor anything to come, neither. It's now! That's all I care about.

NAOMI: Ay, that's what they all said.

ADAM: There's none of Little Boswell about

you. No slave's blood. You are not all tied up and strangled like a trapped wolf.

NAOMI: That's true. No ties, no bonds, the way I go!

ADAM: Out on the highroad yonder, that your way. Up hill, down dale, any path you will!...

NAOMI: Homeless!...

ADAM: Masterless!...

NAOMI: Naked!...

ADAM: Free!...

NAOMI: Alone!...

ADAM: Like a wild thing! Like a young bird! Why, woman, I've been waiting for this moment. Waiting for you. Now I know the way I got to go.

She asks if he knows the price he must pay—everything. He tells her he will show her what he is giving up. He has made something—it lives. "Comes from God." This he will fling aside, even, to go her way. She warns him it means death. She tells him to turn back. He will not. She snatches a knife as he rushes toward her—"Stand back or I'll knife you! The man as mates with me hereafter must bring me living children. I'll have no more dead things born of my flesh."

This is all rather cryptic, or, rather, it admits of so many interpretations that it might as well be cryptic. Naomi may stand for any one of the ideals of men—the thing which is held dearest by each individual, and throttled by conventions. Yet it is not clear that the blacksmith has been crushed by his surroundings, for though he has kept this creature of his genius secreted from all eyes, still he did create, and liberty has been defined as "Room enough in which to create." But it is necessary at this point to fix upon a definite meaning for Naomi, or the remainder is more puzzling still.

Then starts Adam's smashing of idols. He begins on the idol called home. His wife, Ellen, appears in the smithy and one act is devoted to the discussion between the three of them, which moves about in circles, and does not seem to perturb the wife greatly, for she simply regards Naomi as a Scarlet Woman and both Naomi and her husband as insane in their chatter about freedom and the rest. Then comes Little Boswell, as personified by the law, the press and industry—three eminently respectable persons, whose respectability Adam begins to puncture. It is not particularly edifying. Here is a typical argument by Adam against the conventional idea of freedom:

"In other words, there's a ruling class as runs the constitution any damned way it likes; and a slaving class as keeps them filled with vittles for doing so. And then you have the blasted sauce to call yourselves a democracy! Why, I feed all you sleek, fat loafers! Here am I sweating out my gizzard to stuff a lot of nannygoats with tripe and onions and all the luxuries of the land."

Conclusive, is it not? There is a good deal of this, and then comes Jake. Jake is Naomi's mate, whom she thought dead, but who has trailed her. Jake must be exorcised back into the other world before Adam can gallivant down the open road with Naomi. We pause to adjust our interpretation of Naomi to the symbolism of Jake. Words fail. I can express my own impression only in mathematical terms thus:

Jake:Naomi::Ellen:Adam-|Naomi.

If I am elusive chide me not. It is in the air. Ellen is saved from becoming even as Jake, by further illumination of destiny, coming to Adam, and the affair ends with another violent oration offered by Adam, the departure of Naomi even as silently as she came, and the sound of a "great chord of bells" from a clock—Adam's child—which is to set right all the clocks of Little Boswell. There are times when this play irritates with its forced obscurity and again with its unnecessary vulgarities. Yet, as may be seen, it is not without a certain power and interest. ("The Idol-Breaker. By Charles Rann Kennedy. Harper & Bros.")

Reward of Critical Virtue

Guy Price, dramatic critic of the Herald, has an automobile. This, too, eight weeks before the publication of that sprightly annual of his, in which the advertisements are no less interesting than the literature. Let Henry Warnack, who has automobile tastes, but no car, ponder and mend his ways.

Cheaters

KITTY MacKay is a comedy built upon as slender a thread of story as any play ever written—a plot so ancient and artificial that the success and charm of this piece is a tremendous tribute to the other features, the characterizations and the lines. There is scarcely a situation in the play that brings either a thrill or a laugh; but the canny simplicity of Kitty, the sins and the repentance (equally grotesque) of Sandy McNab, the militant "dourness" of homely little Mag Duncan, the true aristocracy of Lord Inglehart, the un-

lishman, at which we are so fond of poking fun, could equal the manner in which the audiences at the Majestic allowed one delicious bit of repartee after another to fly over their heads and out into the street, unnoticed.

Kitty is a mysterious young woman of eighteen, parentage obscure, quartered upon the McNabs of Drumtochty, who make her a slave, beat her, and yet, with all their brutality, fail to destroy her dream life, in which she takes refuge from their attacks. As her eighteenth birthday arrives she is learned to be the ward



GEORGE ARLISS
As
"DISRAELI"

STAR COMING TO THE MASON NEXT WEEK

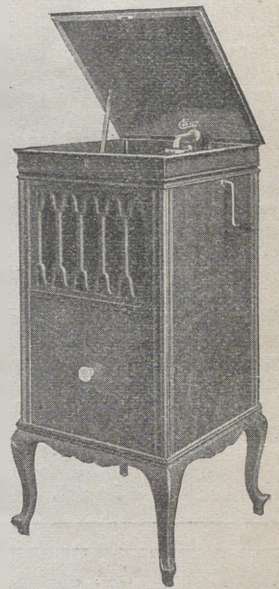
compromising shrewishness of Mrs. McNab—these are things which, by turns, touch the finer perceptions, and amuse through the focusing of the spirit of comedy upon life. The wits of Monday night's audience hardly kept pace with the sparkle of the lines. Scotch wit is dry and subtle, whereas the average American audience holds farce comedy as its ideal of humor, because it is obvious. The boasted American sense of humor is nothing much to brag about after all, if one must take the theater audiences as criterions, and it is less a sense of humor than a love of fun, for not even the slow perceptions of the Eng-

of Lord Inglehart, who has been paying well for her maintenance, and he takes her to his London home. Under its refining influence, and the true culture of this happy family, the girl blossoms out into charming womanhood, and she and the son of the house fall in love promptly. Brokenheartedly, the father of the young man informs him that the marriage cannot be, for Kitty is his own sister, the girl's mother having been the victim of a series of untoward circumstances concerning peculiar marriage laws, and dying before his lordship could right the technical wrong. It looks like tragedy, but McNab,

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Near Marsh-Strong Building

One week beginning Monday. Emma Dunn in the Brady production of the delightful comedy drama,
"MOTHER."

having fallen ill from overmuch whiskey, thinks he is going to die, and so "gets religion," and confesses that the daughter of his lordship is long since dead, and Kitty is a bairn from an orphanage, daughter of decent Glasgow folk who died in a fire, adopted by the McNabs that they might not lose the five pounds a month paid for the child's keep. So all ends happily.

Wallace Erskine, as Lord Inglehart, gives the finest characterization in the play. He is the true English nobleman of the mid-Victorian era. It is a delight to see such a part really played, as by Mr. Erskine, and not distorted and caricatured for the sake of a few spurious laughs. Marjorie Murray as Kitty, after the first act, is delightful. In that first act it seemed to be the endeavor of everyone on the stage to try to spoil the play. Miss Murray pitched her voice several tones too high, with fearfully unpleasant effect, and the several lyric passages had all the fine qualities of a Chopin nocturne played on a steam calliope. This seemed born of a distrust in the interest of the act itself, and the adoption of violence as an expedient for remedying a certain absence of action. Later,



MARCELLA CRAFT—TRINITY

however, Miss Murray fully atoned, and in voice and manner won personal admiration from all. Eleanor Duncan as the pugnacious Mag, gave a picture which was funny to those who do not know Scotch character; to those who do, it was more than funny—it was a transcription from life of the finest characteristic of the Scot, and his natural perversity, a combination which makes him your best friend in trouble, and your most annoying companion in prosperity. James Finlayson as Sandy, contributes most of the laughs in a grotesque conception of the opportunist in morality. This play lacks something of the idyllic quality of its precursor, "Bunt Pulls the Strings."

Fine Acting at Orpheum

Claude Gillingwater is a real actor. He has proved it so many times at the Orpheum that the audiences at that theater would be satisfied with nothing less than the finest of art from him. Not only can he act, but he knows himself so well, and can write comedy so cleverly, that he is never at a loss for a suitable sketch. His visit to the Orpheum this week is in line with his previous reputation along these lines. His sketch, the title of which has been overlooked in making up the program, tells of the troubles of the wife of a tired business man. The wife is neglected, the husband will not go out with her to the opera or anywhere else that

she enjoys going, and so she goes with her "set." Of course she attracts a sympathetic artist, of course they fall in love, of course they are about to elope—of course, with a difference. There is a twist to the plot of this little comedy drama which redeems it from the banalities of the hundreds of one-act contraptions which have been erected along the same or similar lines. But Gillingwater's earnest acting and unique comedy methods would redeem it, even if it were just like all the others. A word also for Miss Edith Lyle, statuesque, quiet and sincere, in her simple but important part, the wife. A least bit of overdressing, a shade too much passion or too little good humor, and she would have fallen short. As it was she was a perfect companion and foil to Gillingwater's dynamics. This is by all odds the most artistically acted sketch seen at the Orpheum since—what a narrow escape from a pitfall, the recent appearances of Arnold Daly and Bertha Kalich having been almost forgotten. Rather, then, should one remark that the Orpheum, of late, has been doing even better in the matter of acting than most of the "regular" theaters. Harry DeCoe takes his life in his hands and balances it on the top of a pyramid of tables and chairs that would strike terror to a member of the Light Brigade. Joe and Lew Cooper sing and play ordinary music quite badly, but as it is their own music it is nobody's business but their own, and the audiences contained a goodly number of persons who approved either the act or the murder, it was difficult to know which. Herbert Ashley and Al Canfield present themselves in "A Novel Idea." After careful study one is forced to the conclusion that the novel idea is how they manage to get money for doing their talking and far-from-singing act. The Five Metzetts is a troupe of acrobats in which there is a lithe youth who turns double somersaults, alighting almost any place his four brothers wish. Ahearn's funny bicycles, Stan-Stanley and his queer assistant, and the delightful Nellie Walker with her beautiful sneaking voice, infectious laugh and her partner Wilbur Mack, complete the bill.

Mind-Reader at Pantages

Do you know your own mind? If not, go to Pantages and ask Lolo about it. She will turn it inside out for you, and tell you all there is in it in a minute or two, or, if it happens to be a particularly full mind it might take a minute or two more. Lolo is advertised as an Indian damsel just from the reservation, who was unpopular with her folks because she knew what they were thinking almost before they had thought it. One who has children can quite understand how disconcerting this trait can be in a child, for what are father and mother going to do if little Lolo only has to concentrate to discover that they propose to go to the movies as soon as she is asleep? So while Lolo may be an entertaining little person, parents would do well to organize at once a Society for the Prevention of the Spread of Telepathy Among Young Children before the youngsters begin to emulate the career of the dusky Lolo. The funny thing about these telepathy acts at theaters is the elaborate theories the audiences form about how they are faked, not realizing that the real thing is so much simpler than the spurious that faking would be foolish. Pantages also has its semi-inevitable crook sketch, rather better than most, and a good array of minor attractions.

"His Son" Repeats Success

"His Son," Louis K. Anspacher's drama of paternal love and mistakes, first produced at the Burbank several

months ago, is being repeated at that theater with Henry Kolker again in the title part. The first impressions of the strength of this play are reinforced by this second view, although certain changes in the cast have not been for the better. Miss Lillian Kemble Cooper has no conception of the character of the daughter of a deacon in a small American city, which is not surprising, as she is only just from England, whereas Winifred Bryson gave a particularly fine performance of the part. Grace Travers is more successful with the part of Hertha. Mr. Anspacher has wisely removed the fire scene from the first act, but in other respects he has shown equal wisdom in ignoring the superficial criticisms offered against the play here, and left it almost completely as it was in the original. "His Son" will grow to theatrical manhood.

George Arliss in "Disraeli"

George Arliss will present, for the first time here, at the Mason Opera House, week beginning Monday, November 9, under the management of the Liebler Company, Louis N. Parker's comedy, "Disraeli." The incidents of this famous play form a charming recital of the intrigues which attended the purchase of the Suez Canal by Disraeli for England. It is a remarkable vehicle for Mr. Arliss' minute and vivid characterization

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of Disraeli in outer aspect, speech, mind and spirit, playing through the diversified relations of private and public life. It is said to be a many-sided, graphic, polished and engrossing impersonation and one of the greatest stage portraits of the present day in the theater. The production scenically is most attractive and interesting, particularly the brilliant ensemble effects in the last act representing the reception hall in Downing Street just before the presentation to the queen. The production is identically the same in every detail as used in the run of one year at Wallack's Theater, New York and the company and the cast are practically unchanged.

Orpheum's Juggling Novelty

Vaudeville is essentially the realm of novelties, and the Orpheum is their recognized home. For the week opening Monday matinee, November 9, the Orpheum will offer a novelty in a juggling act as its headliner—though those there be who will assert that novelty and juggling no longer can be coupled. However, in Morris Cronin and his Merry Men, the Orpheum has a real novelty juggling act. Bert Kalmer and Jessie Brown once before made an Orpheum tour, in their original songs and dances, and were decidedly a revelation. Their return has been prevented until now by their ever growing

popularity in the east. Chief Caupolican, the sensational South American Indian singer and orator, will also be welcomed by a host who have desired his return. The chief has almost a new act, though he still makes his interpretative talk; but he has varied in his song repertoire. Lou Lockett and Jack Waldron are "the musical comedy boys"; they do a song and patter act and musical comedy has only just released them to vaudeville. Claude Gillingwater, Edith Lyle and their excellent company in "Wives of the Rich," will be here another week; also remain Ashley & Canfield, the five Metzettis, sensational acrobats, and Joe and Lew Cooper. The usual orchestral concert of fine music, and the Pathe twice a week news views complete the bill.

Marcella Craft Recital

Marcella Craft, the gifted and lovely American girl whom every Californian should know, inasmuch as her start was made from this state, will be heard in her first recital in Los Angeles as the first artist on the second series Philharmonic course, Thursday evening, November 12, at Trinity Auditorium. Miss Craft has sung many recital engagements throughout Europe, but naturally enough returned to her own country with considerable trepidation, for on her first appearance would depend her success or failure. It is pleasant to note that at the Maine festival she was accorded an ovation after she took the place of the popular Emma Eames. The fine timbre of her voice, the musicianship, enunciation—the test of all great artists—the interpretation and concert form were all commented on most favorably. The complete program next Thursday night follows: 1. Four Old Italian Songs: a. O del mio dolce Ardor (Gluck); b. La Florindo e Fedele, c. Violette (Scarlatti); d. Caro mio ben (Papini). 2. Two American Songs: a. Exaltation, b. Song of Love (Mrs. H. H. A. Beach). 3. Four German Lieder: a. Du meines Herzens Kroenlein, b. Schlage das Herz (Richard Strauss); c. Frieden (Pfitzner); d. Liebesfeuer (Felix Weingartner). 4. Two Arias from "The Secret of Suzanne": a. Suzanne's Song, b. Smoking Song (Wolf-Ferrari). 5. Four Arias from "Mme. Butterfly": a. A ancora un passo or via, b. Un bel di Vedremo, c. Tu Nadre, d. Piccolo Addio (Puccini).

Noted Clown at Pantages

"Slivers" Oakley, the famous baseball clown of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, is repeating in vaudeville the funny stunts that made him a favorite under the big white tents, and comes to Pantages next week. The headlined number of the week is Prof. Webber's Juvenile Orchestra, from Portland. It is a product of that city's Rotary Club and the Rotarians all along the line have been greeting the youngsters. The orchestra consists of seven girls and five boys, banjos, guitars, violins, drums and traps. Wm. Schilling is another returning favorite. Schilling with a company of four presented a very dramatic sketch, "The Vampire," at Pantages last season, and now appears in a farce comedy, "O, Help!" Sieber and North impersonate "The Bashful Man and His Girl" in a way that will amuse everyone. Lyons and Cullom are an added attraction and the Exposition Jubilee Four complete the list.

Drama League Bulletins

"Disraeli," the Louis N. Parker play in which George Arliss will appear at the Mason next week, is bulletined with a strong recommendation by the Drama League. Kolker's

return engagement at the Burbank in "His Son" is likewise commended.

Monday evening, Forrester C. Bailey, president of the local drama league, and other members of the local organization, will go to Long Beach to assist in the organization of a center in that city. Mrs. A. E. Opperman will read a one-act play by George Middleton, "Waiting," and Miss Edna Robbins, secretary of the local center, also will attend.

First performance by the newly-organized Civic Repertory Company will be at the Gamut Club the evening of November 19, when Arthur Pinero's comedy, "The Amazons," will be given. The Drama League has issued a bulletin strongly endorsing the movement which has been instituted under the management of Miss Willamene Wilkes, and it is expected that, when once unday way, this institution will be the medium for introducing to the playgoing public a large number of plays of which it has often heard, but never seen.

New Show at Morosco

Monday night the Gaiety Company will offer at the Morosco the musical comedy success, "A Stubborn Cinderella," which has not been off the boards for the last five years in the East. Bright, catchy music and a funny plot characterize "A Stubborn Cinderella," and a spectacular production is promised. Grace Edmund, who played the name part for two years in the East; Harry Gribbon, who has won success for himself in "The Red Widow;" Bessie De Voie, who is preparing some new dances; Neal Burns, Ted Wilson, Edward Clark, Mae Emory, Jack Henderson and others will be in the cast.

Premiere at Burbank

Beginning with Sunday's matinee, Harriet Ford's "The Witness Chair," will be given its premiere at the Burbank with Henry Kolker in the leading role of the young Hungarian musician. Miss Selma Paley is to play the feminine lead. The story is a romantic love tale of strong dramatic situation, yet not without a fine vein of comedy. The play will probably be taken east following its production in this city.

"Mother" in Film

"Mother," the splendid Brady production of Goodman's famous comedy drama, is the film attraction at Miller's Theater for the week beginning Monday. Emma Dunn, the noted character actress, plays her original role of Mrs. Wetherell and she is supported by an all star cast of favorite players. The production is undoubtedly one of the finest that this popular house has ever offered its patrons. The latest semi-weekly Hearst-Selig news pictorial with latest views of the struggle in Europe is an added attraction to the program.

S. S. McClure to Lecture

All who have read the reminiscences of S. S. McClure in his magazine will welcome the opportunity to hear him lecture. Mr. McClure will be in and about Los Angeles for almost two weeks. He will talk before the Ebell Club Monday afternoon, and Wednesday evening will be at the Shakespeare Club House in Pasadena. He has half a dozen other dates in this vicinity, but his only lecture open to the general public in Los Angeles will be at the Blanchard Hall Tuesday evening, November 17. Mr. McClure has had a career of great interest, and he will talk, on this latter occasion, of his personal reminiscences in connection with the upbuilding of his magazine.

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Social & Personal

SOCIETY'S calendar of events this week was marked by several large and brilliant weddings. Wednesday, there was the marriage of Miss Virginia Nourse to Mr. Louis Cass, also that of Miss Dorothy Kellogg to Dr. James H. McKellar, while Miss Katherine Wells also chose that day for her marriage to Dr. James Luther Flint. This evening, in San Jose, Miss Mary Kate Dunn will be married to Mr. Roy Arthur Silent of this city, and a local wedding of interest will be that of Miss Hazel Childress and Mr. Melvin George. Other large social affairs of the week included the reception which Mrs. William Thomas Johnston of 527 Kingsley Drive is giving this afternoon in honor of her daughter, Miss Florence Johnston, who makes her formal debut. Also, there was the large musical given by Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray of Kingsley Drive and her daughter, Mrs. Chester W. Judson of San Francisco, Friday afternoon.

Of special interest was the marriage of Miss Virginia Nourse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Nourse of 21 Berkeley square, to Mr. Louis Cass, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo B. Cass of South Pasadena. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday evening at St. Paul's pro-cathedral, Dean William MacCormack officiating. The decorations were simple, being in green and white. Palms, ferns and foliage were principally used, and an intermingling of white chrysanthemums. The attractive young bride wore a dainty gown of white satin, trimmed with crystal and lace. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. Her bridal party included the following young women chosen from among her intimate friends: Misses Emily Cass, Katherine Banning, Florence Brown, Katherine Ayer, Margaret Ericson and Mrs. Alfred Wright. The attendants and ushers were Messrs. Paul Nourse, brother of the bride, Frank Cass, Donald Cass, Quincy Cass, Standish Mitchell, Tom Workman, Joe Banning, Weston Wilson, Alfred Wright and Eltinge Brown. Following the ceremony at the church, a small reception was given at the home of the bride's parents for relatives and a few intimate friends. Here the decorations were principally in the yellow pompon chrysanthemums. The wedding supper was served in the garden which was canvassed in and decorated with an effective arrangement of pink roses and lilies of the valley. Growing chrysanthemums heightened the artistic effect, and the illumination was provided by Japanese lanterns. Both Mr. Cass and his bride are popular in the younger society set. They will enjoy a fortnight's wedding trip and upon their return will go into their attractive new home at 2531 Twelfth Avenue, where cards announce that they will be at home after January 1.

Notably interesting to local society will be the wedding in San Jose this evening, of Miss Mary Kate Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Joseph Dunn of the northern city, to Mr. Roy Arthur Silent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Silent of Severance street. The ceremony will be fashionably appointed, and will take place at the home of the bride's parents on The Alameda, San Jose. The decorations will be carried out in green and white, chrysanthemums and foliage being principally used in the floral scheme. Miss Dunn will have

for her maid of honor, Miss Josephine Dunn, while Mr. John Rankin of Los Angeles will assist Mr. Silent as best man. The bridesmaids will be Miss Emile Firth of San Jose and Miss Mildred Moore, also of San Jose. Mr. Lester Pierce of Santa Clara, and Mr. Lyman Grimes will attend Mr. Silent as groomsmen. Following the marriage service a reception will be held, after which Mr. Silent and his bride will leave for their wedding trip. They will probably enjoy a motoring trip in and about San Francisco, and may attend the big game at Berkeley with Stanford. They plan, however, to return to Los Angeles by November 18 if possible, to attend the formal debut entertainments to be given on that date for Miss Dorothy Lindley. Temporarily, Mr. Silent and his bride will make their home with the former's parents, but they will receive their friends in their own new home at 1914 West Twentieth street after December 1. The wedding this evening in San Jose will be largely attended by Los Angeles relatives and friends of the young couple, while there will be quite a contingent go down from San Francisco for the ceremony. Among those from this city who will attend the wedding will be Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Silent, Judge and Mrs. Charles Silent, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Cora Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mrs. George Beveridge and Mr. Murray Vosburg.

Another Saturday wedding is that of Miss Hazel Childress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ada D. Childress of 1819 West Adams street, who will marry Mr. Melvin George, son of Mrs. Charles J. George of Hollywood, late this afternoon at a pretty service at St. Stephens' church. The ceremony will be a simple one and only relatives and close friends will attend. Rev. George H. Cornell of Sierra Madre will officiate, he having performed the same ceremony for the bridegroom's parents, twenty-eight years ago, and later having officiated at the baptism of Mr. Melvin George. Assisting Rev. Cornell, will be Rev. J. Arthur Evans, rector of St. Stephen's. Miss Lois Salisbury will be the bride's maid of honor, while Mr. George's only attendant will be Mr. Ben Utter. Little Catherine Mae Bueller will assist as the little flower girl, and the ushers will be Messrs. B. W. Riley, David Barmore and Arthur J. Gowan. The young bride will be attired in a handsome one piece suit of paprika shade, wearing with it a picture hat of dull gold, trimmed with seal fur. The decorations will be in green and white, the former predominating. After a motoring trip north to San Francisco and vicinity, Mr. George and his bride will attend the football game at Berkeley, later returning to Los Angeles. They will be the guests of Mr. George's mother at her Hollywood home until after the holidays, when they will plan their own home. A number of informal entertainments have been given in compliment to Miss Childress in the last few weeks, her more recent hostesses having been Mrs. Ray Hill, Miss Lois Salisbury, Mrs. Sheldon Ballinger, Mrs. Gilbert Woodill and Mrs. Alvin B. Carpenter.

Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray and her daughter, Mrs. Chester W. Judson of San Francisco, entertained with a delightful musical at the home of the former, on Kingsley

Drive. The affair was beautifully appointed, and a profusion of fragrant flowers were used in decorating the attractive home. In the drawing room bright red roses were combined with greenery. The library was arranged with large rose colored chrysanthemums. In the reception hall pink and white chrysanthemums were used and the dining room was artistic with quantities of yellow chrysanthemums. Two hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon, and assisting the hostesses were Meses. Edward Dean Lyman, Frank D. Flint, William Martin Van Duke, William Thomas Johnston, Frank P. O'Connor, Walter J. Trask, Edward Tyler and Samuel Cary Dunlap; Misses Lucy Clark and Inez Clark. The musical program was presented by Mr. Clifford Lott and Mr. Sigmund Beel, with Mrs. Lott at the piano. Mrs. Judson, who came down from the north several weeks ago to visit her mother, returned to San Francisco last Friday to attend a large reception given in her honor by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Charles Curtis Judson. She was accompanied on her second trip to Los Angeles by her husband, the two arriving here Thursday. They will remain three or four weeks.

Miss Louise Eliza Roberts and her sister, Miss Marie Roberts, the attractive daughters of State Treasurer E. W. Roberts, have chosen November 14 as the date for their marriage, respectively to Messrs. Walter William Kamm and Philip Schuyler Kamm of Portland. The Misses Roberts were guests over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Jess of 2133 Hobart boulevard, and while visitors here in Los Angeles, they have been the recipients of much social attention in the way of pre-nuptial entertainments. Saturday, Miss Hortense Koepfli of the Hershey Arms gave an artistically appointed luncheon at the California Club in their honor. Saturday evening, Mr.

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and Mrs. Jess entertained for them with a dinner, while Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco gave a tea at their home, 1401 Albany street in compliment to the two brides-elect. The wedding of the Misses Roberts to the Messrs. Kamm, who are brothers, will be a double ceremony, and will take place at Mission Inn, in Riverside.

In the presence of relatives and intimate friends, the marriage of Miss Dorothy Kellogg to Dr. James H. McKellar of Pasadena, was solemnized Wednesday evening at All Saints' Church in the Crown City. The wedding was one of the most brilliant of the season and owing to the prominence of the families, the event was of wide-spread interest. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kellogg of Altadena, and is granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Scripps. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Leslie E. Learned, assisted by Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnston. The vested choir preceded the bridal procession, singing "Oh Perfect Love." The church was elaborately decorated with quantities of great shaggy chrysanthemums of yellow and white, and fluffy tulle bows added to the artistic effect. The young bride, who was given into the keeping of the bridegroom by her father, was attired in a gown of heavy ivory satin, trimmed with pearls, lace chiffon and sprays of orange blossoms. Her bridal veil was caught in place with orange blossoms and she carried an arm bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Her only jewel was a bar of diamonds and platinum, the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Ellen Kellogg, sister of the bride, was her maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Marguerite Pank of Evanston, Ill., Miss Louise Mansar, Miss Frances Wright, Miss Marion Brown, Miss Louise Updegraff and Miss Ethel McKellar, all of whom wore gowns of gold and silver and carried arm staffs of yellow chrysanthemums. Dr. McKellar's best man was his brother, Mr. Stanley McKellar, and the ushers were Messrs. Garrett Van Pelt, Lair Brown, William Scripps Kellogg, James Henry Howard, Parish Barker and Dr. LeRoy White. Following the service at the church, a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, Highlawn, at Altadena. Dr. McKellar and his bride will enjoy a wedding trip of three or four weeks, and after December 1 will be at home at the Altadena residence of Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg.

The Bachelors will honor their tenth anniversary this evening with an elaborate dinner at the Alexandria, the affair being planned by the board of governors for the purpose of electing a new board. At the supper the newly elected board will arrange and perfect the details for their coming ball. Former members who have been married during the life of the club will be present as special guests. Places will be arranged for seventy-five guests, and a show of a burlesque nature will be featured at the dinner course. Members of the present board include Messrs. William Kay Crawford, Don O'Melveny, James Page, Sayre Macneil, Morgan Adams, Gurney Newlin, George H. Ennis, Henry Daly, Maynard McFie, Charles Seyler, Jr., Jack Macfarland and Charles Sheedy.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, of 500 West Twenty-third street, entertained Monday evening with a prettily-appointed dinner party in honor of Mrs. T. H. Dudley of Santa Monica, who recently returned from Europe, and also in compliment to Mrs. Duncan Draper, who is at the Hotel Darby for the winter. The dining room was decorated with feathery chrysanthemums in tones of garnet and yellow, and the light shades produced

a harmonizing color effect. Besides the guests of honor places at the table were arranged for Mr. and Mrs. William K. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, Mayor T. H. Dudley and Mr. Nutt. Wednesday, Mrs. Thompson entertained with an informal bridge party at her apartments in the Palms, Mrs. Dudley being a specially complimented guest.

One of the most brilliant of the week's society affairs, and the first of the debutante parties, is the reception which Mrs. William Thomas Johnston is giving this afternoon at her home, 527 Kingsley Drive in honor of her daughter, Miss Florence Johnston. The home was attractively decorated for the occasion with fragrant blossoms and greenery. Assisting Mrs. Johnston and Miss Johnston is receiving and entertaining were Meses. J. R. Dupuy, Walter Hughes, C. E. Thom, C. Q. Stanton, Richard Lacy, Eugene Hawkins, William Brill, Albert Crutcher, Walter Lindley, A. J. Howard, George S. Patton, LeMoyné Wills, J. B. Banning, Hancock Banning, West Hughes, J. W. McKinley, Wesley Clark, George H. Wigmore, W. N. Lewis, Willoughby Rodman, Wheaton, A. Gray, Albert H. Busch, R. J. Hanna; Misses Annie Wilson, Byna Kingsley, Mary Hughes, Reavis Hughes, Marguerite Hughes, Mary Scott, Marie McCoy, Charlene Baker, Byrd Wallis, Harvie Wallis, Ethlyn Wallis, Katherine Torrance, Marjorie Tufts, Constance Byrne, Amy Busch, Marjorie Lacy and Helen Hoover.

Thursday, Mrs. Charles Forman and Miss Forman were hostesses at another of their series of delightful luncheons. The affair was given at their home, 1719 South Flower street, and the guests upon this occasion were principally friends from among the younger married set.

Mr. and Mrs. Russel McD. Taylor have returned from their extensive trip through the east and Canada, and are again at home to their friends in Berkeley Square.

Miss Mary Hughes, one of the season's most attractive debutantes, will make her formal bow to society Thursday, December 3 at a large reception which her mother, Mrs. Walter J. Hughes will give at the family home, 507 West Adams street. The afternoon affair will be followed in the evening by a dancing party, when the guests will include many of the younger society set. Miss Hughes is a niece of Dr. Hughes.

Mrs. J. J. Davis and her sons, Herbert, Robert and Joseph, have returned to their home in Westgate, from Germany, where they were detained on account of the war. The young men were in school in Munich when hostilities began. They secured an early booking on a fast mail steamer, but were delayed by icebergs and carried far out of their course. A visit with relatives in Victoria, B. C., and Ottawa was enjoyed before the return to their home here.

Mrs. Robert C. Gortner, Mrs. Arthur Heimann and Mrs. Arthur Forbes, all of South Pasadena, entertained Thursday afternoon with a large bridge luncheon at the Woman's club house in that city. The affair was attractively appointed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark of West Adams street, entertained several of their friends Sunday evening at dinner. The affair was prettily appointed, and of informal nature.

Sailing from San Francisco Wednesday were Captain Emile Phillips Moses of the United States marine corps and his bride, who as Miss Carolyn Ivabelle Angier is well known to many of the society folk of Los Angeles and Pasadena. As the house guest recently of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis Burn in Marmion Way,

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the bride-elect made many friends and Mrs. Burn is finding it difficult to reconcile herself to the leaving of her young niece for far-away Guam for an indefinite period. The wedding took place late in October at the beautiful suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Angier at Point Loma and was a matter of great interest in the southern city where the bride has been socially popular for two seasons. Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Martha Kneeder were among those who entertained for the young couple before their somewhat hurried departure.

Among the brides-elect of this month will be Miss Frances Edwards, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Edwards of 601 Harvard boulevard, who has chosen Monday, November 30, as the date for her marriage to Dr. Archibald Macleish. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. George Davidson in St. John's Episcopal Church. Many charmingly-planned affairs will be given in honor of this popular young bride-elect before her marriage. Saturday, November 21, Mr. and Mrs. David Evans, of Oxford avenue, will entertain with a dinner-dance for Miss Edwards and her fiancé.

Miss Gwendoline Lawton, whose engagement to Mr. John A. Bell was announced recently, has chosen December 1 as the date for her marriage. Details for the wedding have not yet been decided, but in the intervening weeks Miss Lawton and her fiancé will be the recipient of much delightful entertaining.

Mrs. Nathaniel Wilshire and her little daughter, Nathalie, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rowan in Pasadena since their return home from the east last week, are again located in their own home on Fourth avenue.

Miss Jeanette Solomon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Solomon of Westlake avenue, has chosen November 10 as the date for her marriage to Mr. Fred Siegel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer, the latter formerly Miss Doris Wilshire of San Francisco, have arrived in Los Angeles, and for the present will make their home with Mr. Plummer's mother. Their marriage in San Francisco a few weeks ago was a social event of much interest, the ceremony having been celebrated at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Jack Polhemus.

Enjoyable among the week's social affairs were the two card parties of which Mrs. W. J. Hunsaker and her daughter, Mrs. William Brill were hostesses. The affairs were given Tuesday and Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Brill, 515 South Harvard boulevard. The decorations were

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extremely simple. Bridge whist was played both afternoons, about forty guests being invited for each occasion.

Among the many holiday gift books which the fall season is already bringing forward is "Washington, the Man of Action," which the Appletons have ready. The text is written by Frederick Trevor Hill and the forty-eight full-page pictures in color have been made by the French artist, Comte J. Omfroy de Breville, better known by his usual signature, "Job."

The Lippincotts have ready "In the Land of Temples," containing forty plates in photogravure from Joseph Pennell's lithographers of Greek temples. There is an "Introduction" by W. H. D. Rouse.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

WITH the disappearance of the name of Hector Alliot from the musical articles in the Times, Los Angeles has come to the point where there is in the daily press no writer on musical topics who is known to have a musical education. This is no reflection on the verbal abilities of those to whom the musical affairs are assigned. It is a poor newspaper reporter who couldn't put up half a column on any subject whatever. The question is as to the value of the information contained in this half column to those who wish reasonably accurate knowledge of musical affairs. As a reporter who had been assigned to "do music" on one of the daily papers said to me ten years ago, "I think I know a piano recital when I hear one, but what in thunder can I do with a symphony concert." And yet his word was taken as law and gospel by thousands of readers for several years—readers who did not know much about music themselves and trusted their favorite daily paper to print comment and criticism on which they could rely.

Plaint of the editors and city editors is that the musicians do not advertise sufficiently to make it worth while to pay for an educated report of musical affairs. The inference would be that only professional musicians care to read musical news and comment. I believe, as a matter of fact, that not one per cent of those who eagerly read of concerts and artists are professional musicians. There is, at least, one in nearly every family who is interested, more or less, in some form of music. A pianist, a violinist, a singer, a concert goer (or a would-be-if-I-had-the-money-concert-goer) may be found under nearly every roof. These are the persons who make circulation of the papers in these families, and they are the ones who want reasonably correct information as to what is going on in the local musical world.

Nor is this to be construed as a plea for more technical writing in the daily press. That may be relegated to the musical journals. But it is almost impossible to report a recital or concert without passing judgment on the compositions presented or on the manner, style and attainments of the performer. Now, in order that this may be done intelligently, the writer must needs have a musical experience of his own, not simply the ability to thrum out a tune on the piano, or get safely through a college song. Nor does the ability to describe a fair singer's costume imply inherent musical discrimination or educated critical ability. The writer on music should have a knowledge of the essentials of music, of instruments and instrumentation, must have a personal acquaintance with the necessities of vocal art and of piano and violin performance; must have a "good ear," i. e., know when playing and singing is in or out of pitch. And if one is not to make "breaks," he must have a fair idea of past and contemporary composers and styles. For instance, if an artist sings a selection from Massenet, it is rather a faux pas to state the number was from Wagner's "Walkure"—and yet I am told that was done in Los Angeles not so long ago.

Yet such an error is more condonable than to speak of an English horn as a "French horn"—both are used in the orchestra, but are of entirely different construction, appearance and method of playing—or to allege a singer "is an example of artistic tone production" when as a matter of fact any good teacher would be ashamed to have such an example of throat constriction labeled as from his studio. It is a tricky business, this matter of a non-musician writing about music. It is full of pitfalls for the writer who would attempt the erudite style and the critical pose without a good deal of study and acquaintance with the art. There is only one safe ground for such a writer, the one taken by Otheman Stevens when he was assigned to musical writing on the Examiner, two or three years ago. He shunned technicalities like the plague, wrote cleverly, as he always does; hit off a few good stunts on the idiosyncrasies of the performers, and closed up with, "But I don't profess to know anything about music." It isn't every writer who can make people want to read his musical stuff in spite of the fact that he admits the lack of musical acumen.

Even doctors are said to disagree. So we may expect musical critics to disagree. There is no such thing as abstract criticism, the personal equation is too prominent. Art appreciation always must rest in a large measure on personal temperament, education and preference. And still, at times, the jury will have a majority on one side of the question. For instance, I have heard no criticism of the enunciation of Mme. Fremstad but agreed with that of The Graphic. Alfred Metzger, of the Pacific Coast Musical Review, writes, "She commits one of the gravest offenses against the purity of the vocal art when she enunciates so indistinctly that it is almost impossible to understand her. Now and then we would catch a word, but to gain the sense of a composition by merely listening to her was an utter impossibility, either in German or English. Dozens of musicians noticed the same defect. Mme. Fremstad must adopt a more concise and clear mode of enunciation, otherwise her fame on the concert platform will be short lived."

San Diego symphony orchestra, under the direction of Roscoe Shryock, opened its season of six concerts and six public rehearsals last week. The orchestra offers during the season nearly as high a grade of musical menu as does the Los Angeles orchestra, and a number of interesting soloists. William Kreuz, pianist, was soloist last week, and at the next concert Arnold Krauss, the Los Angeles violinist, will play the Beethoven concerto. Marjorie Nichols, also of Los Angeles, is announced to play the Grieg piano concerto at the fourth concert.

Second of the Lebegott orchestra Sunday afternoon popular concerts was worthy of an audience four or five times which heard it. The program last Sunday afternoon offered two orchestral numbers, the "Parsifal" prelude and a Chabrier "Spanish Rhapsody," the latter being better suited to a popular program than

the former, and better played. The orchestra also did some excellent work with Raoul Laparra in his performance of the Beethoven C minor concerto, a work not often performed. This is not the greatest of the Beethoven concertos but is interesting throughout, especially the first movement. Mr. Laparra gave it a beautiful performance. The other instrumental number was two movements of a Smetana string quartet, played by Messrs. Corradi, Alter, Alter and Nurnberger. This was the debut of these gentlemen in this quartet and for a first appearance they played markedly well. Each is an artist on his own instrument, but, even so, considerable rehearsal always is necessary to produce a good ensemble. It was a brave thing to attack a work of this dignity for a first performance, but the playing of it proved not too great a task. Mrs. Willis Tiffany was the vocal soloist, singing a Massenet aria, from "Le Cid." It has been about a year since Mrs. Tiffany has been heard on the local platform and in that time she has studied abroad. The result is that her style is broader, her tone has wider scope and her work at this time lifted her several notches toward the best that Los Angeles can produce in vocalization.

Noticing on the program the statement: "No encores will be given," I had hard work not to rush back on to the stage to congratulate the management on a rule for which suffering concert attendants long had hoped. But the encore field dies hard. In fact, at this concert, he refused to die at all. His insistence—evidently prolonged to see if the soloists and the director had the backbone necessary to make good on the announced rule—scattered the good intentions of the management to the four winds and the encore numbers were forthcoming from both soloists, in spite of the program already too long. The point is this: the encore as a general proposition is a nuisance. It is based on the spirit of "get-all-you-can-for-your-money," from the audience, and personal pride on the part of the performer. But a program-maker should place on his bill what he thinks is a proper amount and arrangement, insist that the program be not broken into and disarranged by the addition of extra numbers. I was ready to congratulate the management of these concerts on a stand which has been taken with success in musical centers and by great artists; but the congratulations must be deferred until it shows that it controls the soloists and is not merely making a bluff when it announces "no encores." That organization which does set this sensible fashion in Los Angeles will be awarded the praise of posterity as well as of the present generation of musicians who attend concerts. Which of our local clubs and orchestras will be brave enough to take the stand?

Archibald Sessions is doing a good thing for the musical atmosphere of the city in his free organ recitals. While these will reach only those who have the afternoon leisure to attend them the programs are such as will leave their impress on that fortunate number. That of last Wednesday featured Mrs. Willis Tiffany as soloist and made an excellent opening for the year's series.

Several features will work together to bring a large audience to the first of the symphony concerts of the season, Nov. 20, at Trinity. (I vote to cut off the word "auditorium" from all these buildings, Temple, Trinity, Shrine, etc.) The features are these: the success of the orchestra last year; an improved personnel of the orchestra; a beautiful hall, better suited as to size for these audiences; a program which is about as brilliant as

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
October 24, 1914. 013724

NOTICE is hereby given that William D. Rood, of Santa Monica, California, who, on August 18, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 013724, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 8th day of December, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: James R. Shaw, William D. Newell, both of Santa Monica, California; Edith J. Thom, of 733 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Frank S. Warren, of 2927 E. 1st St., Los Angeles, Calif.

NON-COAL.
[Nov. 28] JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

could be selected; a welcome to a conductor who has made himself popular by his genial manners and inherent worth; and an increased interest in the orchestra among the moneyed people of the city. Certainly the combination of these several features at this time should result in an audience commensurate with the dignity of the enterprise.

For the double benefit of the Belgian and British relief funds, the "grand cosmopolitan concert" under the direction of Madame Esther Palliser at Trinity Auditorium Monday evening, November 16, will present a varied array of artists. The soloists will be Rudolph Ganz the eminent Swiss pianist, Mrs. Thilo Becker violin, Axel Simonsen violoncello, Clifford Lott baritone, and Madame Esther Palliser prima donna soprano, with Mrs. Clifford Lott, Mrs. Leonora Pier and Will Garroway at the piano and E. H. Mead at the organ.

Thursday of next week Marcella Craft will open the second series of

Philharmonic concerts at Trinity. Miss Craft has made a big name for herself in the last few years in Europe and this season is increasing her laurels in America. Added to this is her Southern California connection—and, altogether, we would like to see her success here equal the name she has made in the musical press. At any rate, as a Southern California musical product she should have an enthusiastic welcome in Los Angeles.

Miss Mary O'Donoghue was elected accompanist of the Ellis Club at a meeting this week. The club soon will hold its first concert for the season, details of which will be announced in a short time.

Rudolf Ganz, the pianist, did a gracious thing when he telegraphed his acceptance of an invitation to play at the benefit for Belgian and British relief funds. Ganz is a Swiss and has all the more sympathy with the people of his neighboring small-country, devastated and suffering; for, if all the small countries around Germany are to be downtrodden by that nation, the day of Switzerland will come as well as of Poland, Belgium and Holland. A number of the best artists of the city are to appear at this concert at Trinity, Nov. 16.

How the eastern musical magazines consider Los Angeles in a musical way is shown in the recent large and elaborate special fall number of Musical America. In that issue space is given to every city in America of any musical pretensions whatever and only New York, Boston and Chicago are given more space than is Los Angeles. Even Philadelphia is less noticed and Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City and San Francisco are second in space to Los Angeles. This special number of Musical America has 156 pages and 530 illustrations—truly an example of great editorial enterprise and a compendium of the leading musicians in all parts of the country.

Great Dane at Kennel Show

One of the most attractive features of this week's show of the California Ladies' Kennel Club, held at 727 West Seventh street, is Dr. E. Avery Newton's magnificent Great Dane, Zelos of Sudbury. This beautiful big dog, valued at \$2000, is one of the finest specimens of this breed ever seen on the Pacific Coast, himself having been imported from England, where, at the Haverhill show, he won the prize for best of any variety exhibited. This is his second show here; at the first he won three firsts and the special for the best Great Dane in the show. He has a distinguished ancestry, coming by his prize-winning characteristics honestly. He is by Greenhill Squire ex. Thora and a full brother to Ch. Zenda of Sudbury, who won her first championship when less than a year old. Zelos is of noble proportions, with square, deep muzzle, deep brislet, short back, absolutely sound limbs and perfect tail. He has heavy black markings on a pure white under-ground. Owing to the size of the fine Great Danes, many timid souls are wary of them, their reputation as watchdogs inspiring respect, and often fear, but in the case of this animal of Dr. Newton's, this is without foundation, for his playful and affectionate disposition is always manifest. The frequent trouble with Great Danes is that their owners, realizing their impressive appearance, encourage them to live up to it, and the dog that is expected to be surly will be surly on the slightest provocation. Zelos made a host of friends at the show, and after all the admiration bestowed upon him it is a question at what price, if any, Dr. Newton would place him.

NEW YORK PLAY GOSSIP

By Dixie Hines

New York, Nov. 2.—Theatrical producers may yet learn that the success of a story, printed between covers, does not alone justify its presentation on the stage. The time has passed when a play can succeed merely because the original story was "a best seller." It has been tried several times, and the morgue where lie the spirits of departed plays gives ample justification of this statement. "The Salamander" is a play which was made from the book bearing the same title, and which, as such, was a wonderful success. Everything that could be done to stimulate interest in it was done, and the publishers wear the smile of satisfaction which proves the success of their effort. But this does not seem to have given any great impetus to the stage production. It came to the Harris Theatre, a playhouse long associated with blasted artistic hopes, and though the individual members of the cast were excellent, a sad mismanagement in the arranging of the roles was noticeable. It would be a waste of time to go into detail as to the play and its reception. Its life cannot be protracted in this city, at least. The Times observes that the play is unconvincing, which seems to have been its chief fault. The play seemed to be beyond its promoters. It was all the world as though they did not know where to grab the play and start producing it.

William A. Brady is a specialist in public taste. When it shows an inclination to seize the classics, he is there with the Shakespearean goods. If the people wish to be reminded of the melodies of the late Gilbert and Sullivan, Mr. Brady is found to the forefront of such revivals. When the imported melodrama from Drury Lane and other London houses began to attract New Yorkers, Mr. Brady decided that it was time he went into the game with a real melodrama of real New York, and so he organized a company of three or four hundred, and so many thousand cubic inches of properties, scenery and costumes that it would tax the income of our millionaires to pay the freight, and at the Manhattan Opera House produced, last week, "Life," which is credited to Thompson Buchanan, and perhaps justly so, but it is, after all, the indomitable efforts of Mr. Brady himself to which most of the credit is due. "Life" is the story of Bill Reid, the sturdiest stroke who ever handled an oar for Yale. He is the hero. Bill saved a young woman from drowning in the first act, and was taken into the New York banking establishment of the young woman's father, accused of theft (falsely, of course), arrested, tried and convicted of murdering the elderly banker, on the testimony of his rival.

Before this point is reached, however, there was an excellent representation of an eight-oar boat race, with observation train accompaniment, between Yale and Harvard. A four-in-hand was tooled all over the stage amid great enthusiasm. And more, the stock ticker was heard at work, the almost forgotten sound of which must have brought tears to some in the audience.

They didn't do much to make Bill's life at Sing Sing very comfortable, so the brave youth escaped, and the audience saw an automobile race through the dark, with the young hero in the first car driving to freedom, while his sweetheart fires blank cartridges at the pursuers. And that was the ex-

cuse for introducing Mexico, whither Bill and the young woman, now his wife, had fled. For two and one-half acts "Life" was great entertainment, with an interesting, though loosely put together, story, but exciting enough as to purposes, so to speak, and hazy as to details. The newspaper critics fell upon it with great glee. The program was the size of an ordinary newspaper, containing almost exclusively names and descriptions. This is the "Life" for New York!

It was a pretentious cast that Mr. Tyler engaged for "The Highway of Life." Louis N. Parker, a prolific writer of plays, has done a notable piece of work. A clever method of introducing the principals was employed, for just before the beginning of the play the curtain was raised and showed a white screen, against which were silhouetted the shadows of the principals as they walked across the stage. Each familiar figure, especially that classic cringer, Uriah Heep—won applause on recognition. Then the play began, the four acts being divided into eleven scenes, and each scenic background was illuminated by artistic touches that served admirably to preserve illusions which readers of the story had harbored in their mind's eye. There was the old garden of Aunt Betsy at Dover, the dining room of the Golden Cross Inn at London, bluff old Dan! Peggotty's road house, the garden of Mr. Wickfield at Canterbury—and all the rest. The cast was most carefully and effectively chosen, each actor appearing to be at pains to shatter no idols of convention.

It is, perhaps, well to bestow some of the credit upon Lennox Pawle for this production. From a purely sentimental point of view it may be observed that some time since he took to wife charming little Dorothy Parker, daughter of the playwright, and harboring as he did a desire to play Micawber, what more natural than the gratification of this desire by a doting father-in-law, especially when the beloved daughter, too, would have an opportunity to play Em'ly, a pathetic figure which was delightfully done by this newly made bride and interesting stage figure.

What followed the first half of the play no one knows as yet. When the witching hour of midnight had arrived the play was still progressing. The milkmen entering the sleeping city in the early hours of the morning saw the final curtain, but before the week is out no doubt much of this matter will be cut down and the play can be seen in its entirety in one evening.

The theater is neatly turning the tables on the churches. New York is beginning to enjoy the spasmodic onslaughts by the pulpit on the stage, and in retaliation the stage is beginning to counter in a far more effective way, that is by offering visualized sermons. This in itself is not strange, but what is unexpected is that George V. Hobart, master of the frivolous, should have written the sermon. It took the title of "Experience," and a sample of it was shown last summer when that festive band of young-bloods, yclept the Lamb's Club, presented it as a part of their "gambol" in a select list of favored cities. William Elliot plays Youth, and also makes the production which is in every way acceptable. It is in ten beautiful episodes, and is depicted by an exhaustive cast in the main satisfying. In brief, it tells the story of Youth. It is similar in conception to "Everywoman" just as this play was not unlike "Everyman."

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U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
October 24, 1914. 013605

NOTICE is hereby given that Hippolyte Bieule, of Santa Monica, California, who, on July 18, 1911, made additional homestead entry to H. E. 8643, No. 013605, for Lot 1, Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 8th day of December, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Geose Alvaras, of Santa Monica, Calif.; Stephen W. Chick, of 2170 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.; Harry O. Wilmington, of 1507 McCallum St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Lusetta Schueren, of 6119 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

NON-COAL.
[Nov. 28] JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

Books

IF one deliberately closes his eyes to the palpable improbabilities of Cyrus Townsend Brady's "Britton of the Seventh," ignores the meteorological dissonances exhibited in the incident of the blizzard and forgives certain slovenlinesses in the recounting of the story that have no excuse for being, there is really a capitally told tale remaining, with lots of thrills, plenty of human interest and, always, the greatest tragedy in the background that our army on the frontier has known, in the Custer massacre. It is a pity that Mr. Brady is not truer to history, closer to facts, nearer to realities than the novel discloses, for he could have been, just as well as not, without losing a dramatic moment or in anywise injuring the setting of his story.

If Mr. Brady will permit, Parkins, the one-arm sutler—this reviewer well remembers him—was the trader at the Cannon Ball and not at Standing Rock agency, if our memory is not at fault. The transfer is a small matter, but why Parkins at all? Why not Smith or Jones so long as Parkins doesn't belong there? Next, the blizzard that halted Britton and the runaway captain's wife would also have halted the transcontinental train by many hours, yet Mr. Brady has it roll into Bismarck, from the west, delightfully on time, so as to allow the gallant lieutenant to lose not a moment in hastening back to succor the wounded captain, shot by Indians in the midst of a raging blizzard. Of course, no small war party would be roaming around between a big army post and a fairly well-settled town, in a storm so severe as depicted, on the bare chance of picking off any persons who might be caught in the blizzard. Moreover, if the captain was so desperately wounded why was he left alone, instead of being escorted to the railroad station only an hour and a half away? He couldn't go on then, yet he could ride back with Britton to the post, five or six times the distance, with every added hour lessening his chance of recovery and prolonging his suffering from his wounds? Really, this is too much!

We can accept the strained point of honor that allowed Britton to caress the wife of his superior officer, because the latter was a brute and yet which refused to permit him to disclose the contents of the letter that miscarried, which would have cleared his reputation and saved his commission; all that is necessary to the story. Also the disclosure to Custer of the vast numerical strength of the allied Indians in their camp on the Little Big Horn; that, of course, is pure fiction, since the discovery of the big camp was a great surprise to the cavalry commander. The author in his preface, however, apologizes for little liberties of this nature and we cheerfully forgive him. What is unforgivable, however, and amazing, in that it has escaped the publisher's readers' attention, is the carelessness of the author in assigning Captain Jack Eversly and Lieutenant Britton to N troop (page 21) and, later, (page 251) having the men of N troop distributed among other troops "so that Granson had no command." Why? Granson's command was O troop (page 25). Yet on page 300 we find Eversly in command of O troop which on page 327 is referred to as Eversly's own company. It is an unpardonable

mix-up of commands, which the author and the publishers have overlooked.

Otherwise, the story, as stated, is of thrilling interest and imbued with that pathos that is inseparable from any story dealing with Custer and his devoted seventh. The harsh criticism of Reno is well deserved. He faltered and cost the regiment its heroic if misguided colonel and 280 equally brave men. De Rudio, of E troop, who was wounded at the crossing and hid for two days in the brush, died in Los Angeles several years ago. Of course, there was no N troop in the seventh, nor yet O troop, but their mythical presence is necessary for the sake of the story. Of course, too, Britton performs prodigies of valor, his lost letter is found long after in a Sioux camp, with Custer's indorsement—which he had stopped to write while the Indians were firing at him on all sides. The recovery of the letter is not an impossibility. This reviewer also has Custer relics which he obtained in a similar manner. Mrs. Custer mourns her gallant husband, but Barbara Manning gets her lieutenant. Mr. Brady has done fairly well with his material, but it is a pity to have used it so carelessly. ("Britton of the Seventh." By Cyrus Townsend Brady. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

S. T. C.

Lively Newspaper Story

Samuel Hopkins is one of the most consistent of all the crusaders against patent medicines. His magazine articles have been of great value in enlightening the public as to the pernicious qualities of many of the nostrums foisted upon the public by unscrupulous manufacturers. Mr. Adams now has written a newspaper novel around the subject which he has discussed so interestingly in his scientific and descriptive work. The story is called, "The Clarion," and it follows faithfully the lines laid down for newspaper stories by practically all of the cheap magazines of the last five years. There is the same newspaper publisher with the determination to tell the truth, the same combination of big advertisers determined to suppress the truth, the same defiance by the young publisher, the same period in which the paper faces bankruptcy, and the final triumph of right backed by public opinion. So far as newspaper fiction is concerned, Mr. Adams contributes no original situation, though his story is lively enough. There is a new element, however, in the fact that the young publisher is furnished with his original capital by his father, a multimillionaire manufacturer of an alcoholic stimulant which he sells as a remedy for diseases. The youth has faith in his father's honesty, for the man has admirable personal qualities, and the dramatic situation arrives when, convinced of the evil of the patent medicine business, the son exposes it in his newspaper, whereupon the old gentleman is converted and turns his great plant into a breakfast food factory.

Mr. Adams will get a large hearing with this novel, though, as a matter of fact, it does not go anywhere near the heart of the real newspaper problem. There are, probably, not half a dozen cities in the country where such combinations of advertisers are

to be found as Mr. Adams describes. There is too much competition for business to admit such a condition. The newspaper that has the right quantity and quality of circulation gets the advertising and is independent of influence, if it wants to be, and where there is an unholy alliance it is more frequently inspired by the dishonest editor than by his advertising patron. But there is another question, too. It is admitted that, without advertising the newspaper could not exist. The publisher could not live only with subscribers. Is his first responsibility, then, to his subscriber or to his advertiser? Mr. Adams seems to hold that moral ethics demands that the publisher shall consider the subscriber first, but does not economic ethics demand that the man who makes the paper possible shall be considered first. In other words, does not the newspaper, in the last analysis, belong to the class which pays its bills? Is there any other institution in the world which does not so belong, with much more direct control? Moreover, few newspaper men have experienced any of the perils attendant upon honest journalism which Mr. Adams describes. Newspapers do expose evils and still retain their advertising. They lose their advertising when they become so nauseous that the people will have no more to do with them, and so cut off their circulation.

As a critique of journalism, therefore, "The Clarion" is not convincing, and as an exposure of patent medicine frauds it is inferior to Mr. Adams' more serious and no less interesting articles, but as a novel it is a lively piece of writing, and it contains various interesting personalities, and psychological problems. The state of mind of the young publisher, forced little by little to recognize the evil business in which his father is engaged, is well portrayed, although there is a trifle too much of the Galahad about this person. The passion of the average newspaper man for truth is a point forcefully made. And who, that ever had business in an editorial sanctum, but will recognize

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the portrait of the office boy: "Journalism, for him, was comprised in a single tenet; that no visitor of whatsoever kind had or possibly could have any business of even remotely legitimate nature within the precincts of the Clarion office." So, taken as light fiction, "The Clarion" is not without its charm, but taken too seriously it should not be. ("The Clarion." By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Book About Masonry

"Symbolic Teachings, or Masonry and Its Message," if intended to interest outsiders in the great secret society, has gone far wide of the

mark. To the initiate it may have a great value, but to others it is a series of disconnected fragments of observations on almost every subject under the sun. This book is not one of those "exposures" which come out from time to time, but is by a past master and member of several branches of the order. In the nature of things it is not his purpose to reveal the inner life of the great institution, but for the purpose of making the book of even passing interest he should have followed at least the semblance of a program. As it stands, it contains little that will attract the average reader. Its interest to Masons can be decided, naturally, only by themselves. ("Symbolic Teachings, or Masonry and its Message." By Thomas M. Stewart. Stewart & Kidd.)

In November Magazines

Among the unillustrated special war numbers, one of the most valuable is the September issue of the Round Table, a quarterly review of the politics of the British Empire. The Macmillan Co., of London and New York, is the publisher. The leading subjects of the present issue are: The War in Europe; Germany and the Prussian Spirit; the Austro-Servian Dispute; Lombard Street in War; United Kingdom; Canada; Australia; South Africa; the White Book Summarized; Sir Edward Grey's Speech, August 3. The Round Table is a co-operative enterprise conducted by people who dwell in all parts of the British Empire, and whose aim is to publish once a quarter a comprehensive review of Imperial politics, entirely free from the bias of local party issues. But this special war number, as will be seen by the subject heads, is something more—it is a frank and straightforward presentation of the European situation which should be carefully studied by all who wish to be correctly informed.

Sir Gilbert Parker contributes an article to the November Sunset, arguing that the Kaiser is the maker of the war, and that he is mad. The other side of the case is presented by Herman Ridder, who pleads for "Justice for Germany." In the editorial section the Sunset issues a timely appeal for newspapers throughout the state to bring editorial influence to bear on the legislature that there may be none of the baiting of Japan at the coming session that characterized the last one, since, so long as the California legislature remains "neutral" in the present crisis, there is little danger of trouble on this coast. Tales of the west, and articles of the well-known Sunset flavor, complete this issue.

One more issue, and the Bibelot ends its twenty years of consistent endeavor in behalf of the obscure, but none the less great classics of the world's literature. The November number just here, contains three essays and a poem by Hilaire Belloc. All are in the best vein of this master of English. The essays are "On Sacramental Things," "On Rest," and "On Coming to an End." The monthly visits of this gem among publications will be missed, and they who have kept their collection intact have a mine of exquisite literature which their less fortunate fellows may well envy them.

Notes From Bookland

When hailed by a torpedo destroyer, the captain of a vessel from Italy to New York recently replied that his cargo consisted of "Macaroni and opera singers." He was not detained further as the naval men had troubles enough of their own. And still the opera singers come, as noted in the following dispatch: "Gulio Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Arturo Toscanini, the conductor; Enrico Caru-

so, the tenor, and many other leading artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sailed today from Naples for this country on the steamer Canopie, according to a telegram to Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the opera company's board of directors. Polaccio, Setti, Romeri, Farrar, Destinn, Bori, Hampel, Souman, Urfis, Botta, Didur and minor artists are in the party, says the director's message, which adds: "Within a few days will follow Sembach, Weil, Goritz, Braun, Ober, Reiss and Rotherier. Only missing artist is Gilly, a prisoner of war, but hope for his release shortly."

Twenty students in the music department at the Cumnock School of Expression assisted Mrs. Katherine Shank, a member of the faculty, in a public song recital Wednesday morning of this week, at 10:30. Mrs. Shank gave a Handel aria, and with Mrs. M. H. Johnson presented a duet from "Mme. Butterfly." Mrs. Johnson also gave two numbers, "The Birth of Morn," by Leoni, and "Love in Springtime," by Hammond. Dvorak's "Gypsy Song" was ably rendered by Mrs. William Welch Stone. Miss Lucille Atwater gave Wolf's "To Rest" and Salter's "Sweep of the Year," and Miss Florence Mead sang Bishop's "Lo, the Gentle Lark" with flute obligato by William Mead. A group of the younger girls in the school gave choruses.

Richard G. Badger has ready for immediate issue, "Nat Goodwin's Book," in which the author writes the story of his life and dramatic career.

"Essays Political and Historical," by Charlemagne Tower, former Ambassador to Russia and to Germany, is a volume of papers on subjects vital to Americans which the J. B. Lippincott Company will publish at once.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose "A Montessori Mother" won much success, has written a book of help for "Mothers and Children" which the Holts have just issued. It is in response to the many letters asking for advice and counsel with which the author has been overwhelmed since the publication of the former volume.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have ready "The Age of Mother Power," by C. Gasquoine Hartley, (Mrs. Walter Gallichan,) author of "The Truth About Woman," which had last year unusual success.

H. G. Wells is devoting himself the writing of column after column in the English newspapers on the importance of aircraft in military manoeuvres, and is urging the granting of knighthood to aviators who destroy hostile airships.

Second decennial prize of \$6,000, on the Bross Foundation of the Lake Forest University will be awarded the first of next year. It is for the best book on the mutual bearing of science or history with or upon the Christian religion. Conditions of the competition can be obtained from John S. Nollen, Lake Forest, Ill.

"Vagabonds in Perigord," by H. H. Bashford, which the Houghton Mifflin Company announces for early publication, is concerned with the wanderings on foot along the River Dordogne of some holiday-making persons, whose only intention was to enjoy themselves.

Just Rose Stahl

Rose Stahl is an institution. She returned to New York this week, and presented herself as "A Perfect Lady" put together by Renold Wolff and Channing Pollock, who are doing excellent team work in supplying light entertainers with easy going vehicles. Translated from the slang, the story is that of a burlesque company, in which Lucille Higgins, known professionally as Lu-

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Los Angeles AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS OCTOBER 31, 1914 RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$15,695,660.47
Bonds, Securities, etc.	1,251,475.00
U. S. Bonds and Other Securities to Secure Circulation	2,592,875.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	NONE
Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit	93,751.24
Furniture and Fixtures	175,000.00
Subscription to the \$100,000,000 Gold Fund	36,425.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	5,919,699.38
Total	\$25,764,886.09

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,510,740.65
Circulation	1,716,500.00
Reserve for Taxes, etc.	19,580.75
Letters of Credit	94,201.24
Bills Payable	500,000.00
Notes and Bills Rediscounted	600,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	620,375.00
Deposits	18,203,488.45
Total	\$25,764,886.09

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John P. Burke	Frank P. Flint	

Statement of Condition of the

Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

At the Close of Business October 31, 1914
(Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank)

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$13,420,288.25
Bonds, Securities, etc.	2,275,536.16
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	1,060,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	3,891,273.36
Total	\$20,647,097.77

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,050,000.00
Undivided Profits	463,033.80
Reserve for Taxes, Interest, etc.	104,051.25
Deposits—Demand	\$ 6,290,205.03
—Time	11,239,807.69
Total	\$20,647,097.77

cille La Jambon (she took the name from a menu and it means "The Ham," something unmentionable in theatredom) is waiting for a train in a small Nebraska town when the manager announces that he has changed the route to another small city, where it happens that Lucille's sister, Claire, lives. Lucille has devoted her life to earning funds for her sister's education, pretending that she is a great Shakespearean actress. When she refuses to play in her home town she is discharged by the manager, and the musical leader and the soubrette quit, too. They stay in the small town and open an ice cream parlor, which is only a cloak for a dance hall, where dancing is taught by the former burlesque actress. Soon the whole town is in an uproar. The strict rich man of the town threatens to cut off his son if he marries the sister of the actress, who has arrived in the plot, and the minister of the leading church is shown by the heroine that dancing is not all evil, and that it is easier to be good and religious if you are happy. The rich man's son marries the sister, and the actress and erstwhile tango teacher marries the peracher, just as she said that she would do in the first act. It makes little or no difference what name a play is given to be used by Miss Stahl. One name is as good as another. There is much to be desired in the play, but New York will probably take it so long as it can also take Miss Stahl. One shudders to think what the "road" will think of Gotham taste, however.

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Stocks & Bonds

IT is an old story that politics gets on the nerves of finance. This week was a good example of the effect which the closing of the campaigning season and the settlement of the problems involved has upon upon the business world. There was a distinct sigh of relief, which manifested itself in optimistic reports, increased bank clearings and the forecast of greater activities in the manufacturing lines. Whatever the party affiliations of a capitalist have been, he realizes one thing during the time preceding an election, that he cannot give his undivided attention to enterprise, but must keep one ear open to politics.

Call of the Comptroller of Currency for the condition of national banks in this city as of October 31 revealed a contraction, as was to be expected. There was a falling off of \$2,000,000 in deposits compared with the total September 14. Loans and discounts appeared a little more than \$1,000,000 less than at that time, while available cash was off \$1,500,000. All in all the decrease is comparatively small. Wednesday was marked by large bank clearings. The total exceeded \$5,000,000, which is greater than in a number of weeks. An increase of \$1,000,000 over the same day last year was shown.

Banking institutions in certain sections are beginning to retire a portion of the Aldrich-Vreeland currency, which fact is regarded as an excellent index of the country's steadily improving financial status. The foreign exchange situation continues easy, and steady progress is being made in solving the other problems which resulted from the war. Hardly a day passes without talk concerning reopening the exchanges, and the belief prevails that the resumption may shortly follow the institution of the federal reserve system.

Banks already have paid one-sixth of their subscription for stock in the federal reserve banks. The amount contributed by local national institutions totaled about \$135,000. The next payment of the same amount is due in three months, and a third in six months.

Organization of the Continental National Bank, a new local institution, which will open about the middle of the month, is proceeding satisfactorily. Its quarters are now being furnished in the Marsh-Strong building. It will have a capital of \$300,000. R. S. Heaton, formerly cashier of the Commercial National, is president, and there is a board of directors of about twenty persons.

Mining issues still hold the chief interest in San Francisco. The trading is considerable. Oil stocks are dull, and show no change worthy of note. Nothing, apparently, has so far come of the failure of the General Petroleum to meet its bond interest obligations November 1.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Investors will receive in dividends and interest this month \$129,990,791. This compares with \$135,842,212 in November a year ago. Of total dividends will contribute \$48,990,791, a decrease of \$7,851,421. Stockholders of industrial corporations will re-

ceive only \$21,667,986, a decrease of \$79,000,000. Besides interest aggregating \$16,000,000, the city of New York will distribute the unusually large sum of \$50,000,000, representing the paying off of revenue bonds.

Banks and Banking

Los Angeles national banks have made complete returns to the comptroller of the currency in response to a call for a statement of conditions at the close of business October 31, 1914. The figures show little change from those of September 12, 1914, the date of the last call, and from those of October 21, 1913. The banks now have \$59,336,689.80 on deposit and a cash reserve of \$20,603,369.87. The showing reflects the conservatism and solidity of the local financial institutions. The cash reserves are \$5,769,197.25 in excess of the legal requirements.

Balance of Trade in Our Favor

Commerce department officials at Washington estimate that October's export balance in favor of American trade will amount to \$60,000,000. That is an increase of \$44,000,000 over September's balance, indicating the tremendous extent of the trade pendulum's swing since the first month of the war. In August the value of imports exceeded exports by \$20,000,000, but as the sea highways were cleared and war began to make its demands on American mills and granaries, there was an immediate change in the flow of trade, and balances established to help meet American obligations abroad.

Oil Output in California

Standard Oil Company of California estimates the September petroleum output of the California fields at 289,979 barrels daily, a decline of 4000 barrels as compared with August. The October Bulletin says: "The decline in production is completely offset by the increase in shut-in production from 14,000 to 18,000 barrels daily. A comparison of the production, stock, and shipment figures fully expresses the congested conditions prevailing. The apparent daily surplus for the month stands at 61,282 barrels. Of this, 16,000 barrels daily are properly chargeable to August, making an actual surplus for September of 45,282 barrels daily. Adding the shut-in production of 18,000 barrels, there is a potential daily overproduction of 63,000 barrels. Well development during the month was uneventful. Twenty-five wells were completed, with an initial production of 5760 barrels daily. Total shipments from the fields in September were 6,860,910 barrels, and total stocks at the close of September, 55,027,328 barrels."

Students of the Cumnack School of Expression heard an interesting account of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra from Herr Adolf Tandler, its director, Wednesday morning. Herr Tandler told of the plans and methods of the orchestra, and the necessity which exists for support from the community.

Week's News in Perspective

Friday, October 30

WAR NEWS: Japanese and allies make a determined attack upon Tsing Tao * * * Fighting all along the line in France, but without decisive result * * * Yser dykes are opened by Belgians and invasion plans of Germans upset * * * Germany, Russia and France seeking \$100,000,000 war loans in United States.

GENERAL: State department protests against action of British ports in holding up American vessels * * * Application of eastern railways for increased freight rates, taken under advisement * * * All records broken for shipments of food to Great Britain * * * Aguas Calientes conference eliminates Carranza and Villa, but they do not seem to realize it.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Industrial bureau of Chamber of Commerce makes exhibit showing eighty-one new industrial concerns located here since first of this year.

Saturday, October 31

WAR NEWS: Turkey formally annexes Egypt and declares war on Great Britain, being already engaged in conflict with Russia * * * Germans driven back by Russians in Poland * * * English cruiser Hermes sunk by German submarine.

GENERAL: Peace conference at Aguas Calientes engaged in a discussion of what to do with Villa and Carranza now that they are eliminated.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Annual inspection of police force is held * * * Political pot is boiling furiously.

Sunday, November 1

WAR NEWS: Turks invade Egypt but British troops are ready for them and no advantage is gained * * * German loss in Poland is declared to be tremendous * * * India is reported as faithful to Great Britain against the Moslems.

GENERAL: Rockefeller Foundation announces plan to distribute millions of dollars' worth of food and supplies among the suffering non-combatants in Europe.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Lieut. General Adna R. Chaffee dies.

Monday, November 2

WAR NEWS: Fighting between Russians and Turks at Trebizond * * * Russians reported by Germans defeated at River San, with contradictory statements from Petrograd * * * North Sea is filled with mines and declared a war zone * * * Germans continue their determined effort to reach the English channel but so far are unsuccessful * * * Belgians flood country to stop invaders, with considerable success * * * Seven million persons reported homeless in Belgium.

GENERAL: Villa captures the peace city of Aguas Calientes, but the other eliminated leader, Carranza, is not there * * * Mount Vesuvius in eruption; Mount Lassen also * * * Twenty-one of the former officers of the New Haven road are indicted, including William Rockefeller * * * Metropolitan Opera stars land in United States in even more temperamental condition than ordinarily * * * More slides at Culebra close canal.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Man wanted for stealing sheep kicks off his boots and starts swimming out to sea to try to escape officers, but is caught before he reaches the three-mile limit * * * Two years interregnum in which no city char-

ter amendments can be made, clapses next April, and tinkers look forward to a busy winter.

Tuesday, November 3

WAR NEWS: Flooding of Belgium causes Germans to abandon attempts to take Calais * * * Two British cruisers sunk off South American west coast by German squadron, and a third disabled * * * German center in northern France again reported broken * * * Russia determined to quell Turkey decisively.

GENERAL: Elections in all parts of the country appear to have resulted in many Democratic reverses, especially in New York where Whitman, Republican, defeated Glynn * * * Joe Cannon sent back to congress * * * Disease in stock yards at Chicago is grave peril and place may be closed.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Election resulted in two surprises for the Republican organization, defeat of Hammell and Ford by Cline and Woolwine respectively * * * Prohibition defeated; eight-hour law likewise.

Wednesday, November 4

WAR NEWS: Germans are now completely driven out of Russian territory * * * No progress made by either side in France and Belgium * * * German cruiser sunk by striking a mine chain set by Germans in Jade bay.

GENERAL: Trade balance of \$60,000,000 in favor of America in dealings with Europe for October * * * Among the election high lights are the general defeat of woman suffrage, prohibition, and abolition of capital punishment * * * Democratic losses extensive but not sufficient to change political balance of congress * * * F. Augustus Heinze dies.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Fred Harlow and two private detectives bound, gagged and robbed in Harlow's home, losing about \$2,000.

Thursday, November 5

WAR NEWS: England seizes island of Cyprus * * * Japanese warships sink German cruiser Königsberg in Indian Ocean * * * English fleet scouring channel for German ships in determined effort to wipe out Kaiser's navy.

GENERAL: Glenn Martin, Los Angeles aviator, falls in safety aeroplane test at San Diego, and may not live.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Fruit Growers Supply Co. reports an increase in gross business of citrus industry for the last year of one million dollars.

October 5, 1914.

Non-Coal. 024198.

NOTICE is hereby given that Elias Victor Rosenkranz, whose postoffice address is 526 California Building, Los Angeles, Calif., did, on the 5th day of August, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 024198, to purchase the E½ SE¼ and SE¼ NE¼, Section 15, and NW¼ SW¼, Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 21st day of December, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.
(Dec. 12)

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SHORE

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Arrive San Francisco 10:55 P. M.

8:00 P. M. The "Lark"
Arrive San Francisco 9:45 A. M.

10:15 P. M. San Francisco Passenger
Arrive San Francisco 3:30 P. M.

VALLEY LINE

THROUGH THE "INLAND EM-
PIRE" OF CALIFORNIA

6:00 P. M. The "Owl"
Arrive San Francisco 8:50 A. M.

7:30 P. M. Number 49
Arrive San Francisco 12:50 P. M.

10:00 P. M. Number 7
Arrive San Francisco 7:50 P. M.



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W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
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Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits,
\$20,000,000.

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I. W. HELLMAN, President.
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Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

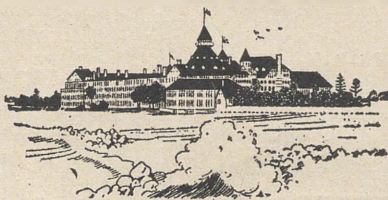
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
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American Magazine	}	Before Nov. 10th
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American Magazine	}	Before Nov. 10th
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American Magazine	}	Before Nov. 10th
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